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Including "Creative Art"



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VOLUME XXVII

NOVEMBER 1934

NUMBER II

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Courtesy E. Weyhe

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Members of the staff can frequently be reached through our New York office in the Squibb Building, 745 Fifth Avenue. All mail should be addressed to the Washington office.

AUTHORS IN THIS ISSUE

JEAN CHARLOT, though his name may sound exclusively Gallic, is one of the artists at the forefront of the Mexican renaissance. He is, as well, a writer who is able to preserve and present the freshness of the painter's viewpoint. He has written a number of articles, among them several on various American artists for the *Hound and Horn*.

GUY PÈNE DU BOIS, as we said in introducing him last March, has always been a critic as well as a painter. He was also editor of *Arts and Decoration* for about seven years. In that magazine as well as in *The Arts* and *International Studio* a number of his articles have appeared. He is author of the monographs on John Sloan, William Glackens, Edward Hopper, and Ernest Lawson, published by the Whitney Museum of American Art.

WILLIAM SCHACK wrote the article, "On Abstract Painting," in our September issue. This month he continues his discussion in the field of sculpture. He has written extensively on art subjects for *Creative Art*, *The Arts*, *Menorah Journal*, *Architectural Forum*, and so on. He is now at work on a book on American collectors.

WALTER CURT BEHRENDT was formerly editor of *Die Form*. As Minister of Finance in the former German Government he was

responsible for much of Germany's outstanding public building of the 1920's. He is the author of a number of books on modern art and architecture and now has a volume on the press on Japanese architecture in which the present article will be included. We are very keenly indebted to Charles Harris Whitaker for his sympathetic translation. Dr. Behrendt is now lecturing at Dartmouth College.

MARQUIS W. CHILDS is at work on a book about the Mississippi River for the John Day Company. From his interest in the background, historical and geographical, sprang his interest in Bingham, the painter. Mr. Childs has contributed to such magazines as *Harper's*, *Yale Review*, *Vanity Fair*, and *Story*. He is now in the Washington Bureau of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*.

FORBES WATSON, one of our Associate Editors, begins this month his regular series on the exhibitions in New York and thereabouts. By this time few readers need be reminded again that Mr. Watson was editor of *The Arts* and *The Arts Weekly*, and that he was critic on the New York *Evening Post* and the New York *World*. Those familiar with Mr. Watson's writing will need no urging to follow him through another season. Last winter Mr. Watson was Technical Director of the Public Works of Art Project.



GIOTTO: PIETÀ

Fresco in the Arena Chapel, Padua

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FURTHER ANSWER

ELEVEN months ago, in the December, 1933 issue, we published an editorial entitled "Millions for Laborers, Not One Cent for Artists." Not two weeks later the Public Works of Art Project was announced. There was no direct connection between the two except that they were both, in their different ways, reactions to the unbearable situation in which the country's creative artists found themselves. Of the two the Project was, of course, the more ponderable answer to the question: Shall American artists starve?

Now another announcement comes from the Treasury Department:

"The creation of a Paintings and Sculpture Section in the Procurement Division of the Treasury Department was announced October 18 by the Secretary of the Treasury.

"The work of the new section will be directed toward the selection of art objects of high quality for the decoration of public buildings in those cases where funds for this purpose are available. The coöperation of people throughout the country interested in art will be sought, and the artists of the communities selected will be encouraged to submit their works for acceptance.

"It was pointed out by the Secretary that there is a very considerable amount of work purchased by the Federal Government in connection with its erection of certain public buildings, and that frequently the allotment for mural decoration of a building is a substantial sum.

"On some projects the Paintings and Sculpture Section will arrange for competitions, artists being asked to submit designs for consideration by judges of the contests. An effort will be made to have the art work done by local talent where possible. The quality of the work will be the test in all cases.

"Mr. Edward Bruce, who directed the Public Works of Art Project last winter and spring, will act as Consulting Expert to the Paintings and Sculpture Section."

Of course the new section does not take the place of the PWAP. Artists as hungry human beings (at least most of them) will be cared for as are other hungry human beings—which by and large is fair. The chief concern of relief cannot be æsthetic quality and the surprising thing is that the Project, which had some relief manifestations, did manage to stress quality as potently as it did. It is that side of the Project which will be remembered, too. It is the same side of the new section which makes us hopeful for its success; "art objects of high quality" are to be selected, and "the quality of the work will be the test in all cases." Quality has been stressed in words before now, only to be found wanting in the finished product. Evidence of this want is found standing in the parks of most American cities, evidence that official

æsthetic promises (when made) have too seldom been kept. The new section will have to depend on quality if it is to avoid the pitfalls into which official art bodies have usually floundered.

Two factors will help the new section resist some old and apparently very strong temptations. The first is the strength of its personnel: Edward Bruce is to be its Consulting Expert, Edward B. Rowan its Director, and Olin Dows its Assistant Director. These three men, with their supplementary abilities, are not likely to indulge in the kind of political hay-making which fills buildings with tons of lifeless images.

The second factor is the announced and sincere intention of the section to let local artists have a showing when it comes to the decoration of public buildings in their own communities and regions. This decentralization of art interests is probably the greatest hope of the whole situation. The able artists discovered in so many unexpected places by the Project will not be allowed to sink back into Limbo, but will have further opportunity to develop. Neither Washington nor New York will be able to dictate formulæ or fashions. The country as a whole will come alive. And the Government will continue to help rather than to hinder.

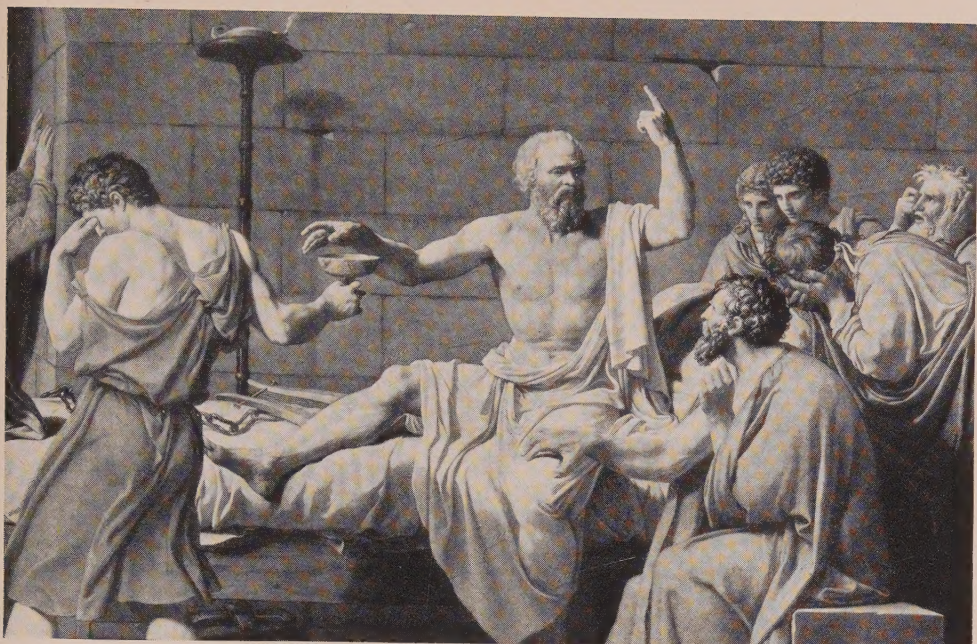


BASTIANO
MAINARDI:

PORTRAIT
OF A
YOUNG MAN

Collection of Henry E.
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Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

JACQUES LOUIS DAVID: DEATH OF SOCRATES (DETAIL)

ART, QUICK OR SLOW

By JEAN CHARLOT

"Le temps ne fait rien à l'affaire."—Molière.

IF it be true that the last thing a fish is aware of is water, in the same way, because it pervades us from out and in, are we ignorant of the more permanent characteristics of contemporary art. Whereas we see only diversity, even points of dissension between the works of modern masters, there will remain, a few decades from now, the perspective of a ponderable, if less amiable, school as homogeneous in its output as the works of the eighteenth century painters of "*Fêtes Galantes*" now appear to us. It is even probable that art from the beginning of impressionism up to the death of the School of Paris will seem a logical curve, an unbroken development toward short-hand methods and the selfish use of a private code language, as opposed to the catholicity of the aims of art in most other periods.

Monet was a powerfully built fellow, and painting would probably not have been his pet trade had he not developed a brush stroke broad enough to insure sufficient exercise for

arm and wrist. Landscapes became a natural subject-matter for the people who enjoyed outings, and who were strong and healthy enough to carry their easels on their backs. The artist painted for his health; the public was no more taken into his confidence, and painting switched from a universal language to the status of a freemasonry. That the next generation, being of a less sturdy health and of a more decadent turn of mind, enjoyed more the somersaults of the spirit than those of the body, did much to exaggerate this state of affairs. Casting aside its religious, moral, and social bonds, art flung itself into a dance of the seven "isms," of which the last stages are rather shameful, considered as a public performance.

One of the best definitions of modern art was given by Picasso, by negation—as Saint Thomas was wont to describe God—when he said that we were in need of a David. The crystal-like purity of David's descriptions, the

logical subdivisions of his plan, are the oratorical tools of a man who addresses the public, of a worker who knows that the responsibility of the artist who creates a picture, in which the minds of generations will dwell, is at least equal to that of the architect in planning and building a house. Such a picture is usually built up through slow craftsmanship, permanency being an essential of the architectural mind.

Patience in art, the time involved in the physical creation of a painting, is still for the layman a measure of its excellency. And quick work, the freehand and shorthand technique of the moderns, is the basis for most of the

outspoken criticism of modern art. Yet, when the architectural urge is missing, sound craftsmanship cannot save, cannot even make a picture. And freehand technique is a befitting medium in which to voice the language of passion. That it has been misused of late for modish and trivial ends must not make one forget that it is the natural language of a Van Gogh or an Orozco.

We know by the letters of Van Gogh that the great master of his type works with his mind at a pitch that it would be exhausting to sustain. Such exaltation is made genuine and fruitful only through long years of emotional experience and technical study. To such



WILLIAM A.
BOUGUEREAU:

MUSIC OF THE SEA

Courtesy
John Levy Galleries, Inc.



Courtesy E. M. Benson

JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO: MODERN MIGRATION OF THE SPIRIT

Fourteenth Panel, Dartmouth Frescoes

a master, the moment of work is what to the saint is the moment of ecstasy, nourished and developed by the slower process of meditation and mortification. To attempt a slowing up of his painting technique would result for the artist in a distinct loss, a muddling and an obscuring of the unmarred mental image that he envisions as a start. The Chinese and Japanese understood better than we do the fact that physical exertion is incompatible with the highest forms of meditation, and their greatest mas-

terpieces, devoid of color, of jugglery, and of patience, were created in five minutes with a broken reed, or a feather, or the fingers smeared in ink.

While quick art has always been linked, and rightly, less to illustrative than to emotive themes, the more careful techniques are commonly believed to be the natural language of academic art, meaning the uninspired objective renderings that the layman still considers as common sense. It is true that patience

in art has been associated with secondary figures like Bouguereau and Gérôme; hence the usual linking of so-called objective art and sound craftsmanship. But it is of course obvious that great masters transcend such flimsy boundaries and that Van der Weyden, Dürer, or Pontormo used the coolest and most painstaking technique as a medium for the most inspired vision.

The fact that painters like Gérôme do represent the world as it is could have been sustained more easily fifty years ago than now. Scientific research, having trapped matter into the atom, has since exploded the atom into something more like movement than matter. It is proved now that an art that represents the world as nineteenth-century common sense wished it—labeled, clearcut, and sturdy—is really an artificial, misleading translation, while truly creative art, with its suggestion of complex inter-relations of dynamism and of elusiveness, does capture a deeper and a truer version of the world, even in its scientific and physical sense.

Photography, through its dehumanized eye, upholds for us this point. Even among the everyday millions of amateur snapshots, how few correspond to the ethic of the bourgeois eye! And when a great artist works with this, the most objective of mediums, his work does not recall the so-called objective work of mediocre artists, but can only match the work of the more subjective masters. Rare are the masters of photography as are those of painting; yet an Atget, a Weston, have welded objective and subjective into one, in their indubitable masterpieces.

All great artists have transcended the limitations of any one technique. Dürer, painstaking and dry-cut as much of his work is, did wash his extraordinary water color, depicting the dream that he had of the end of the world, in an atmospherical rendering of rain and fog that anticipates Turner. Renoir, in some early landscapes, painted the trees leaf by leaf, an exercise in discipline which may have won for him an ultimate freedom. To each mood of a man corresponds a given scale; and a broad mind, to express itself thoroughly, has to make use of the whole gamut. The complete work of art, as does the animal

body, brings to a living unity materials as dissimilar on a spiritual plane as are the bones and the nerves, the veins and the muscles. That the language of art for the last sixty years has been mainly a series of disconnected exclamations is not wholly an indictment: it did befit it to express climaxes of emotions and those twilights of the mind into which other ages have been careful not to venture. There is no doubt either that this period is fast coming to a close, killed by its neglect of the more architectural and static side of art.

Two historical apoloques best sum up the two main approaches to art: old master Sesshou in his old age decided to paint an aesthetic testament, a microcosm of the world of thoughts, philosophy, and technical experience, the fruit of seventy years of glorious labor. He took a feather, broke its quill, and dipping its barbs in ink made a splash on silk which up to now, duly authenticated by his own and many scholars' writing, remains the masterpiece of Japanese painting.

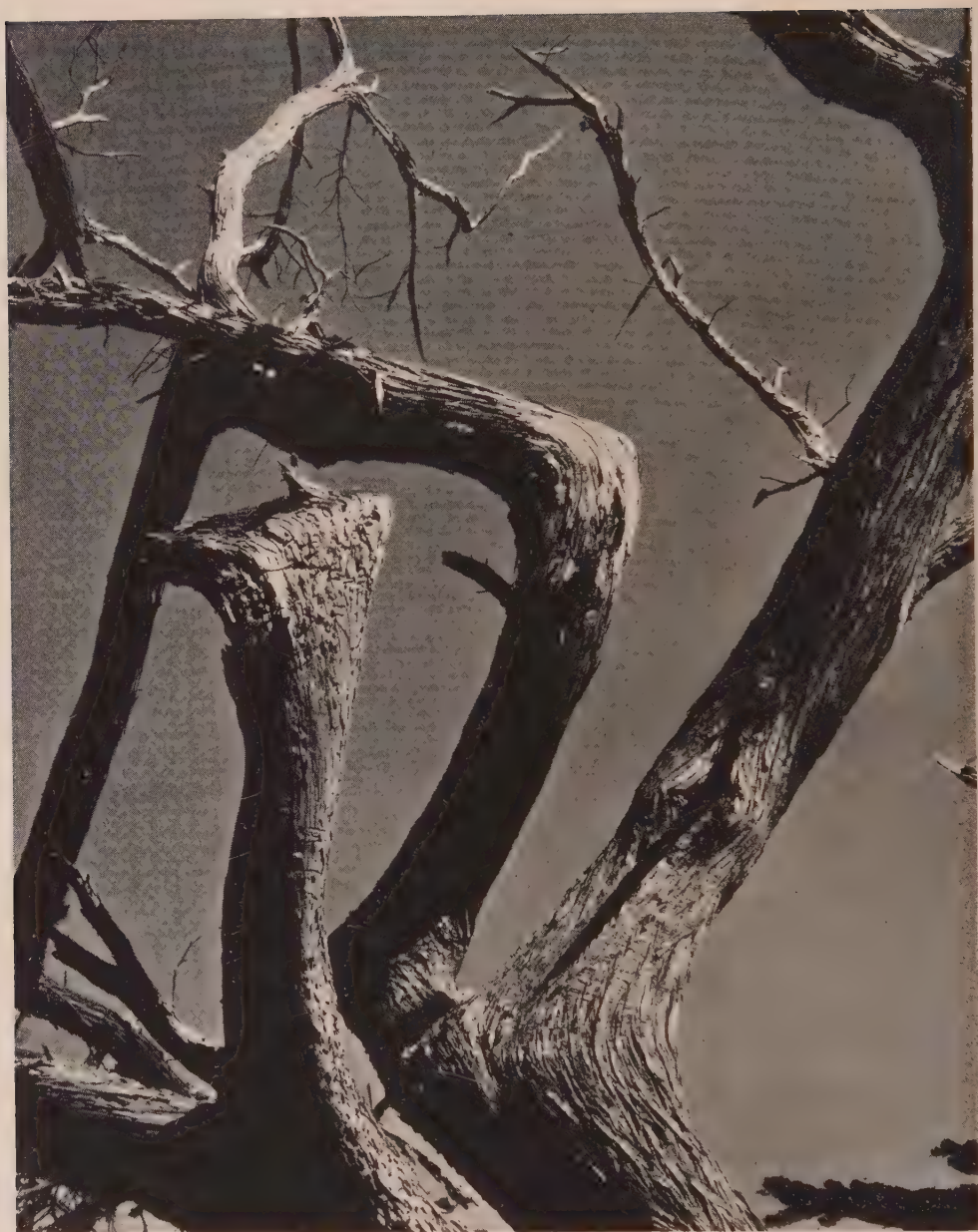
The Pope, in want of the best man to decorate his palace, sent learned emissaries to prominent artists to wring from each a major work proving his skill and knowledge. The winner of this contest was Giotto, who by tracing freehand a nakedly perfect circle, did get the Pope's praise and the job.

To the student, emotion and geometry seem at first sight incompatible; yet they are but two facets of the one art. Underlying all emotional painting, even unknown to the painter, is a system of coördinates through which rhythms and spaces could be translated into figures as mathematical as are the intervals of music. And the work of the architectural painter—does it not use the extremes of the imagination, the geometrical figures that look like nothing much around us? And the assembling of these elements, how much stamped it is by sensitiveness!

Bitter feuds of schools are good only for pupils who through the narrow door of technique search for the fields of the mind, but in the world of the masters, which is this world of the mind, there remains only harmony. There Sesshou's supreme splash connects without effort and abides easily within the perfect circle of Giotto.



SESSHOU: LANDSCAPE (DETAIL)



EDWARD WESTON: CYPRESSES, POINT LOBOS

ON SOUND PAINTING AND OTHER INCIDENTALS

By GUY PÉNE DU BOIS

IN every decade, and sometimes more than once in one, an unemotional painter moves his square head into a prominent place, probably deserted by adventurers, and is acclaimed as sound by numbers of very well behaved people. Soundness is, of course, the mightiest of the republican virtues. For this reason bankers of the old school were always considered the social heads of bourgeois communities. They were unimaginative and honest. It is only when bankers get to be imaginative and dishonest that the middle class gives them a side-wise glance. The soldier in these communities has had only a comparative and much flightier adulation. Except in times of war he plays a footless and exceedingly expensive game. And also in times of war, which is far more unbearable to the pedestrian mind, he has been known to laugh in a gayly debonair way when taking a great risk, to rise on his toes, to, in other words, be carried away by enthusiasm. Enthusiasm would be all right if it were not so notably dangerous. It has sent young girls from home, destroyed governments and banks, ruffled the surface of many a placid community. Communities are better without it. Communities are better shorn of even a symbol of it.

This is one reason why the sound artist is received with so much adulation. There are others. He comes, to begin with, of an unsound profession, from a body of men who know neither how to make money nor how to safeguard any which, by extraordinary chance, might come to them. They have exaggerated manners and may suffer much too consistently from exaggerated egos. (Shades of anarchy!) Also they can sometimes think wrong things, things that nobody else ever thought or, anyway, ever said. They can and very often do put these wrong things down, on paper when writers, and on canvas when painters. They are unquestionably dangerous to the continuance of whatever peace may prevail. Communities would be better without them.

It is because culture demands art and fashion culture that the sound artist, as something of

a benefactor, receives the acclaim of communities. The demands of culture in a rising people must, willy nilly, be met. The sound artist is a safe answer to that demand. He comes from that dangerous class without actually being in sympathy with it. He will not talk or paint too extravagantly on any given subject from beauty to business. He will at all times keep an even keel. To take a trifling though telling example he will know how to keep his enthusiasm in his portrait of the banker's wife within decent limits. He is quite all right. He is a gentleman.

But perhaps this refers to the artist who is accepted as sound, a Jean Paul Laurens as compared to a Rembrandt, rather than to one who is actually sound. Indeed, the thoughts of lay rather than of art communities have been considered. These lay communities in any case have been having a very bad time in art recently. Perhaps we should remember here that living art is bought by new collectors, to whom art is, itself, a new consideration. It is a consideration, as was suggested before, brought on by the fashionable demands of culture. This is certainly truer today than it was. We have become more complex or more conscious. Twenty years ago when we were merely sentimental, a man who painted bootblacks with the faces of cherubs could and did make a fortune. There was some sort of concession there, though sugared, to the republican ideal or the Christian, of the brotherhood of man. Neither this painter nor his patrons were very sound. They were both flighty and enthusiastic. However, the succeeding generation learned a lesson from them. It learned to distrust its own judgment and to turn to the latest dictation of culture. This means that it learned to play safe or that which it was natural for it to consider safe. Unfortunately this new method which began, say, ten or fifteen years ago and has been going on until very recently, came at a time when nothing in the world was safe, nothing, not even bankers.

Now it has often been said that the artist is a phonograph on which the period plays its record. Like all simple statements this one is

more suggestive than true. There are mechanical difficulties in the way of its working out altogether well, for while the ordinary phonograph is in no way selective, the artist can only play those records which are in accord with his particular mechanism. Some, for an example, can only play jazz and others only sterner stuff; some root under the crust while others remain entranced by the easy beauties of the surface. This latter group is as preponderant among artists as it is among laymen. Man does not change his fundamental nature, although he does change his superficial mannerisms with his profession.

The period of inflation mentioned a while back was, we must all be willing to admit now, mad. A lot of Father Williams were constantly standing on their heads quite unconscious of the folly of this position when taken at their age. A lot of children or near children were prancing about like goats. It was a period of carnival when everyone believed a strange millennium had arrived, a time when the mathematical two and two was so constantly making ten that it was certain to continue doing so forever. It was perfectly natural then that the superficial records played by the artists whose mechanisms could produce such tunes were as mad as the period itself. Their records reflect it admirably. The good ones do, in any case, while the others who merely follow their lead would only faintly, in their second-hand way, reflect anything under any circumstances. Imitators are also given to exaggeration. Culture which had dictated the buying of their works was not more justified than brokers who had suggested the buying of certain stocks. The stock market crash preceded the cultural or, as it is preferable to call it, fashionable art crash by only a little time. This is as it should be. Art is a luxury in most minds when it is not considered an investment. People who have just lost fortunes get into a retrenching way of thinking and are likely to greatly abhor luxuries. People who have just lost everything on one set of investments are very likely to distrust any other set.

Modernist art is a symbol of a mightily enthusiastic adventure. I cannot believe that it was a foolish adventure, nor can I forget that it was produced at a very foolish time. Certainly it has nothing to do, except as a glow-

ing antithesis, with that sound painting to which we must now return. This sound painting is not necessarily sound; it too often is merely unimaginative, the work of a careful craftsman able to copy the thing before him with a false semblance of accuracy, false since it is unthinkable that any real copy of flesh and blood and light and air can be made in paint; the work of a man who can, by his carefully remembered banalities, at such times as these, restore the confidence of people who have played with the fire of high adventure and been singed or burnt. They know, by very recent experience, that high-faluting and fantastic phrases and promises bring disaster. Their smarts still sting. They will hereafter take their financial and their cultural matters from those who can amble along in a quiet and pedestrian way. They will see to it that they are pedestrians.

And this, of course, is where the rub comes in. This sound painter of their choice is too often merely a smug painter and, worse than that, a smug thinker. As a technician he is a man who very carefully arranges an artistic set, a stage set, before he begins to paint, seeing that the draperies fall into nice conventional folds, seeing that the composition and the organization will work, have no discordances, no jarring notes, nothing in any way resembling the daring of those artists whom we would be likely to call seers and whom he would be very certain to call parvenues. His thinking is on a par with his doing. It is a fatuous bit of flattery to call it thinking at all, since it is nothing more than a reflection of the brand offered by every sound, in the sense of smug, person in the world. It is a set of dogmas, in other words, brought on by fear and worn so smooth by the decades as to have completely lost any strength which could, in their original defensive time of need, have made them capable of standing erect.

This dull fellow, in any case, has a complete distrust of enthusiasm and of inspiration and of the element of chance. He practically photographs a nature which he has falsified, changed, fixed, so that it will fill the square or the oblong of his canvas. His imagination finds its equivalent in the camera. He is led by fear to employ the simplest formulas in the actual use or language of his paint. He is never tempted by nature into those enthusiastic or inspired flights

by which man, transcending himself, can sometimes create a masterpiece. He knows his limitations too well. He is safe and sane. And perhaps this safety and this sanity have very little to do with art. It is only good for the little people who live in quiet eddies in big cities or little and hope—by keeping eyes constantly on their health and their wealth and on the thoughtful maintenance of a properly dull existence—that they will live to be very old and very respected and die without a spasm.

Now it should be said, and the temerity in saying it is not too enormous, that if the artist is not a seer he is not an artist. This dictum was probably accepted more generally centuries ago than at this time, when every man, woman, and child able to produce a painted resemblance to something or other is given an opportunity to exhibit it. Art is not a question of doing recognizable copies of a given theme nor of doing unrecognizable work. Nor is it a school question as so many of our fashionable critics

seem to believe. We have in recent years given too great heed to technical matters, scarcely scratched surfaces, and never waited to see whether these shells gave any real life any real reason for existence to the work examined. Any canvas that has gone on or is expected to go on for centuries must have a life of its own. It must be sound in this sense. There is no other sense in which any real thing can be considered sound. It would be most extraordinary if this could remain unforgotten. Soundness in the artist is certainly not comparable to soundness in the banker. The latter's consists merely in living within the limits of a prescribed code of morals or, as Max Stirner would have it, in living the life of a ghost. The artist can be neither so restricted nor so empty. His work certainly can have nothing to do with codes. It is sound because it is alive, because it contains the heart and soul and thought of an independent personality and is itself within its own frame a living thing.

Whatsoever of morality and of intelligence; what of patience, perseverance, faithfulness of method, insight, ingenuity, energy: in a word, whatsoever of Strength the man had hidden in him will lie written in the Work he does.

THOMAS CARLYLE



Courtesy E. M. M. Warburg

EWALD MATARÉ: COW

The figure is abstracted to the degree of omitting the animal's legs altogether, but the sculptor has rendered the living quality with a fine austerity. (Compare the Chinese water buffalo reproduced on pages 214 and 215 of our April issue.)

ON ABSTRACT SCULPTURE

By WILLIAM SCHACK

PARTLY under the influence of the temper of our age, partly as a development of the art itself, the characteristic sculpture of our time tends to an emphasis on the formal and a depreciation of other elements which, carried to its logical extreme, has resulted in abstraction. We live in a period of great stress and strain: communism challenges the established order of things; fascism defends it. Both movements being militant and as such necessarily harsh, an art that would in an immediate sense reflect our times would therefore also be hard. In certain phases, abstract sculpture can provide this stern stuff. Coincidentally, forces within the art of sculpture itself impel it in the same direction. First, there is the reaction to the romantic, emotionally charged work culminating in Rodin which tended to subordinate form, often ignoring it altogether. Secondly, there is the cumulative influence of

many kinds of archaic sculpture which have come to light in recent years—African, Greek, Egyptian, Central American. The simplicity and austerity of this work have also impelled contemporary sculpture toward abstraction.

Artists themselves are not always aware of the forces shaping them. Even when they are, and are willing to yield to them, they are not always temperamentally capable of assimilating them. It is not surprising, therefore, that a good deal of what now passes for abstraction should really be nothing more than novelties or hybrid forms. There are sculptors, for example, who have been eliminating part of the surface of their figures and showing their insides instead: where there used to be shins they display the tibia or strands of muscle; in place of jaws, they sculpt the oral cavity. Among others, Pablo Gargallo and Rudolf Belling have worked cleverly in this manner,

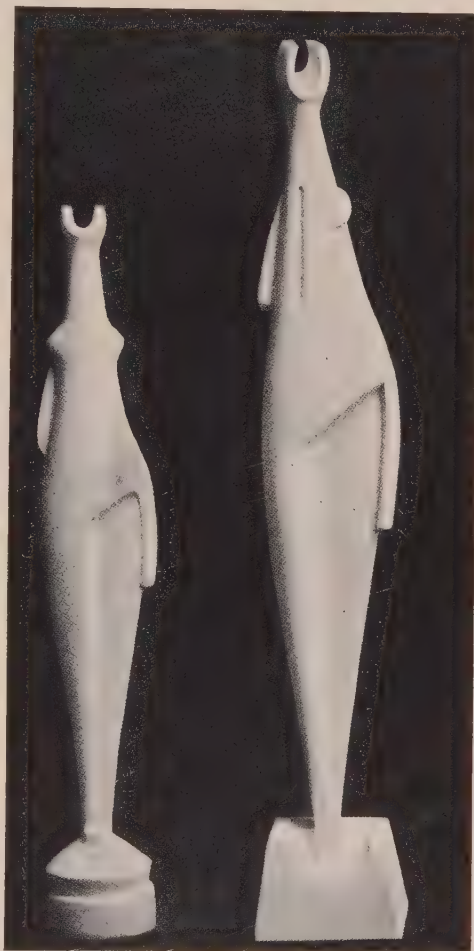
turning out what may be called excavated portraits. Interesting as such work may be, both as novelty and even in a more substantial sense when it possesses a basic form despite the mutilated surface, it does not represent the essence of abstractionism. That essence, I take it, is the stressing of the formal element in sculpture to the point of eliminating the representational and with it almost all the emotional element as well. The resulting abstraction may be of two kinds: the one based on geometric forms—the sphere, cylinder, ellipsoid, etc., the other on linear rhythms. Charming works have been done in both these idioms, but they have been minor works. There are quite objective reasons why abstraction carried to its logical extreme defeats itself, and why even its best work should be minor art.

In a previous essay on abstract painting* I pointed out that the artist employing that idiom must, like every other artist, take his point of departure in nature not only as a means of stimulating his own vision, but in order to be understood by the spectator. For between the artist and his audience there must be a visual medium of exchange, and the objective world is the only such medium available. Once the point of departure was established, the artist could simplify his subject drastically, in the direction of abstraction, and be understood by his audience. And art does not exist for itself or for its creator alone, but for an audience. If it has meaning only for its creator, it is meaningless. Completely abstract painting could, of course, have the value of decorative art, but nothing more.

The same strictures apply to the three-dimensional art of sculpture. Sculptors, even less than painters, can ignore subject-matter entirely or play so fast and loose with it that, in effect, there is no apparent relation between it and the finished work. For sculpture deals almost exclusively with living objects; its field is much narrower than that of the painter, who has the infinite world of landscape to work in as well; and therefore it is even more closely bound to its subject and enjoined with the function of interpreting it. Like the abstract painter, the abstract sculptor must let us see what it is that has moved him. Then, if inten-

sity of vision may move him to eliminate many details and contours of his subject, so that his work approaches abstraction, we shall be able to follow him. We shall then be able to understand whether his work has a personal quality and meaning or is merely doctrinaire—the equivalent, in a new idiom, of academic in an old. But if he transforms his subject so radically that we have no cue as to what his experience has been, we cannot have a proper appreciation of the alleged work of art.

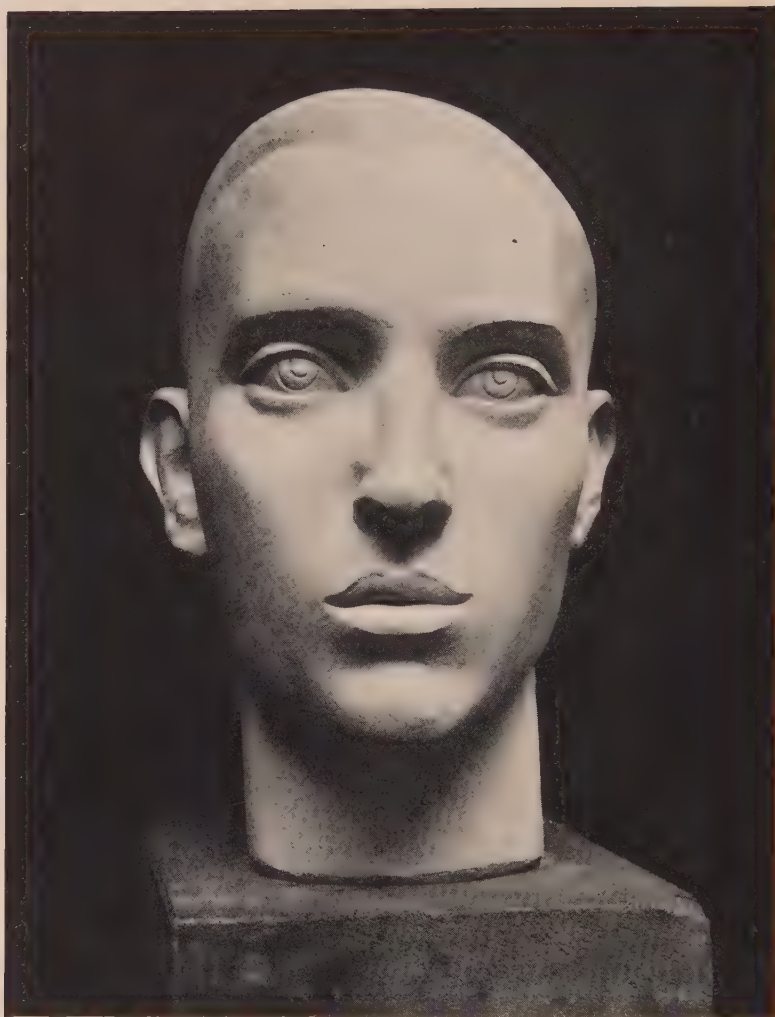
Aside from this somewhat elusive approach by meaning, let us consider why, from the purely formal point of view, extreme abstractionism is limited in value. Ignoring for the



ALEXANDRE ARCHIPENKO: VASES

Decoration becomes uppermost. Derived from the female form, these figures possess, besides factitious literary symbolism, superb decorative value.

* AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART, September, 1934.



JACQUES
LIPCHITZ:

PORTRAIT OF
RAYMOND
RADIGUET

A rigorously simplified study under the influence of abstractionism — beneficently so.

*Courtesy
Menorah Journal*

moment the abstraction of linear rhythms referred to above, the ideal shapes or forms of the abstractionist are the "absolute forms" of Plato, the same to all men's eyes and admitting of no imperfection of the human equation in the making. "I do not mean by beauty of form such beauty as that of animals or pictures . . . but . . . straight lines and circles . . . for these I affirm to be not only relatively beautiful, like other things, but they are eternally and absolutely beautiful." There are two kinds of these perfect forms—those with curved surfaces for boundaries: the sphere, cone and cylinder (except for the base), ellipsoid, etc., mathematically definable; and those which are bounded by plane surfaces: crystals, whether existent in nature or in the theoretical

systems of the crystallographers. In either case, they are mechanically definable with reference to combinations of axes and planes of symmetry. Thus, Brancusi's numerous Eggs, like those of a hen, are ellipsoids not disagreeably warped: his Torso of a Young Girl (1922), a truncated cone. Flannagan's Ram (herewith illustrated) is embodied within an almost perfect sphere.

But an art adhering strictly to mechanically or mathematically derivable forms is far too facile. Based on formula, it is the work of a craftsman, not of an artist, since it eliminates the basic function of art, which is to interpret the living world. A sculptor who "sees" all human heads, say as egg-forms, is not astute, but myopic. Sculpture based on mathematical

JACQUES LIPCHITZ:

MAN IN CAPE

An example of "geometrization" which is one extreme of abstractionism. There is decorative value in the balance of masses but no expressive value.



equations must be emotionless, and there is no higher art without emotion. This is what the personal equation—far more cogent than the mathematical one—introduces; and the personal equation comes into play only when the sculptor has an intense reaction to some object in the external world and has the technical ability to transpose it in terms of his medium. There is no more intrinsic æsthetic virtue in the literal representation of a sphere than in the literal representation of a face: the frozen perfection of the first goes as much beyond art as the too earth-bound burden of the second falls short of it. Sculptural truth lies somewhere between.

To call Plato's ideal sculpture facile, lacking in emotion and interpretation and a prod-

uct of mathematics is only another way of saying that sculpture ideally abstract is essentially decorative. It has exactly the same appeal as machine parts and products (such as those exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art of New York last season)—ball bearings (sphere), electric bulbs (variously spherical, cylindrical or ellipsoidal), optical instruments, such as microscopes, spectrosopes, polarimeters (cylinder), etc. These objects please partly by their surface finish—the polish of brass and steel, the glitter of glass, the burnish of copper—and even more by their perfect symmetry, their mathematically derived form. Sculpture which follows such forms shares the appeal—the limited appeal—of these machine products, "eternally and absolutely beautiful"



JOHN B. FLANNAGAN: ELEPHANT

Again an example of beneficent abstraction when it effects understanding simplification of subject. Collection Whitney Museum of American Art

JOHN B.
FLANNAGAN:

RAM

Similar in intention to the "Cat" on the opposite page, as befitting the respective subjects, this is powerful rather than playful. Even with the decorative value of the spherical frame and of the horns so prominent, the expressive value of the figure dominates the piece.

*Courtesy
E. M. M.
Warburg*



because so obvious and regular, because a purely formal design must be decorative. The second type of abstraction, too, that based on linear rhythms, has the same limitations: therefore, it too is a minor art.

The abstract credo is valuable insofar as it stresses simplicity of form. Under its influence, such sculptors as Chana Orloff, Jacques Lipchitz and Pablo Gargallo (e. g., his Barcelona "Picasso") have done very vigorous work, especially in portraiture. That credo is also useful when it influences the artist to seek in nature such objects as approximate ideal forms. But it is harmful when it makes of him a doctrinaire. It is all very well for him to be especially attracted by an ovoid head, but not for him to convert every head—even that of a "squarehead"—into his favorite shape. That would be meaningless—he might just as well work without a subject at all. Abstraction began in part as a reaction to the story-telling type of sculpture in which formal values are all but lost—to such work as Eugène Béné's "Marche Funèbre d'un Hero" (that companion-piece in monstrosity to Klinger's

"Beethoven"), in which the composer sits at the piano while figures (with banners) evoked by his music march by him. It was a healthy reaction. But, between telling a story and telling nothing whatever, there is little to choose. Again, sculptural truth lies between.

One cannot be too rigid in laying down what is "true sculpture," since it is as difficult to define as "true religion." A close, compact form, without "holes," may be generally desirable; but is it the only true sculpture, as some maintain? Or, approaching the definition of sculpture via method, is carving the only true way and modelling a cheap substitute? Michelangelo was contemptuous of the latter method, yet his work, despite the fact that it was cut in stone, depends for its effect on its modelling. It might just as well have been cast. "Direct cutting is the true road to sculpture," an aphorism of Brancusi's begins . . . and finishes: "In the end, direct or indirect, cutting means nothing; it is the complete thing that counts." It is often said that the sculptor must take the cue to his form from the piece of wood or stone he has available. But if that

JOHN B.
FLANNAGAN:
CAT

Exquisite fusion of decorative and expressive values. Framed within the abstraction of a circle, the cat form is at the same time delicately realized in a characteristic attitude.

*Courtesy
E. Weyhe*





CONSTANTIN BRANCUSI:

(LEFT) TORSO OF A
YOUNG GIRL (1918)

The lower torso is here reduced to its simplest planes, making a very delicate and sensitive interpretation: abstraction at its significant best.

(BELOW) TORSO OF A
YOUNG GIRL (1922)

The torso has been shaped to meet an abstract concept. The sculptor, in discarding his subject, achieves only those decorative values yielded by texture and polish of stone and mathematical form: abstraction become minor.

happens to be "shapeless," will the resultant work be satisfying? It may sometimes be merely virtuosic, as much lacking in form as a romantic story-telling sculpture. The primary thing that sculpture must stress—and the abstract movement has been instrumental in driving this home—is formal values. Given them, it may contain many other values besides, even that of story-telling.

Let us consider now some concrete examples to test the points made in this essay. Of the two works by Lipchitz illustrated here, the portrait shows the beneficent simplifying influence of the abstract movement, the "Man in a Cape," its logical blind alley. In the one we recognize a vigor and austerity, a realization of the subject; in the other we see only a playing around with masses in different planes. Possessing balance and linear interest, the latter has decorative value. But it does not give us the effect of creation, for it lacks context, a medium of visual exchange.



OSSIP ZADKINE:

THE MÆNADS

Zadkine, who usually uses a completely abstract idiom, has here preserved some representational elements of his subject (the assembled fragments of a Greek Victory) in a semi-abstract paraphrase. The "semi" is responsible for the vitality of the group, which in fully abstract form would be only decorative.



An interesting intermediary case is the "Mænads" of Ossip Zadkine, which, according to the English critic Wilenski, was suggested to the sculptor by the assembled fragments of the Pæonius "Victory," that is, before it was fully "reconstructed" by alien hands. Zadkine's work has a fine rhythmic vitality, which certainly gains from the human associations it contains, broken and fragmentary as they are. It is doubtful that rhythmic blocks of stone would of themselves have so much force.

The "Cow," by Mataré, is another excellent example of abstraction exercised within proper limits. There is no effort to account for every anatomical detail which might show in an animal in this position, but the sculptor has realized the essential bulk, as he tried to, and that is what engages our interest.

How decorative values may be combined with higher ones is fascinatingly demonstrated in Flannagan's "Ram" and in his "Cat" as

well. The latter is almost perfectly circular, the "Ram" almost perfectly spherical, but at the same time there is a vivid interpretation of the figures within these mathematical forms, which are, in effect, only a kind of frame. The curled-up cat is a living thing, portrayed in a characteristic posture with charm and humor. The ram has the concentrated power of its subject. The natural decorative value of the horns and the arbitrary one of the sphere in which it is embodied are strictly subordinate to the realization of the figure itself. Hence the brilliant effect of the work as a whole.

The comparative merits of an interpretive figure and an entirely abstract one are strikingly set forth in two works by Brancusi on the same theme—"Torso of a Young Girl." The earlier one, showing its realistic point of departure, is a charming and delicate thing; the later one, also obviously wrought by a fine, careful hand, nevertheless strikes me only as

a handsome piece of stone in the shape of a truncated cone. It might just as well have been cut to a cylindrical shape, or a pyramid, or a hexahedron, for all the meaning it has as a "Torso of a Young Girl."

Finally, a comparison of Flannagan's "Elephant" (in the Whitney Museum of American Art) and any one of the famous Brancusi birds is instructive. The latter depend for their effect on both types of abstraction—geometric form and linear rhythm—together with brilliant surface. But they are not derived from the intensive study of any single bird; they do not convey the form of any individual or species but embody, rather, a romantic conception of flight. The "Elephant" is more vigorous for being a rendition of a living form in its simplest and most eloquent terms, for being the reduction of a colossal lumpishness to a limpid form. (In other works, of course, Brancusi has also shown himself a master of interpretive form.)

The difference in surface between "Elephant" and "Bird" is also revealing. That of

the elephant is not manufactured to dazzle—it merely reinforces the spirit of the form. The sculptor sought the material which should best render both spirit and flesh and found it, ideally, in a putty-grey bluestone. It may be said that Brancusi needed smoothness and polish in his portrayal of a creature as light as the pachyderm is heavy. But this is again romancing, for smoothness and polish are more characteristic of sewing-needles, driving-rods and bearing-shafts than they are of birds.

Brancusi's abstraction is a generalization not based on the particular. This is not the way of the artist but of the speculative thinker. Flannagan's elephant, precisely because it is derived from the devoted study of the animal itself, simplified to its basic structure, also approaches generalization. And this is abstraction in sculpture at its best. If the artist becomes consciously abstract he is impinging on the domain of the conceptual thinker. An artist's "thought," however, must be concrete, concerning itself only with the means of expressing most vividly a living form deeply felt.



Courtesy Verlag "Der Sturm," Berlin

WILLIAM WAUER: THE SKATER

A charming example of abstraction in an avowedly decorative vein



Courtesy The Zauho Press, Tokyo

GARDEN PATH, SHONANTEI TEA ROOM, SAIHOJI TEMPLE, KYOTO

Monoyama Period (1573-1624)

THE JAPANESE HOUSE

By WALTER CURT BEHRENDT

THE most striking feature of a Japanese house is its intimate connection with the scene in which it is set. The one-story house, mostly built of wood or bamboo, is so subtly connected with its surroundings that it seems a part of Nature herself. Such is the secret of its strange and unusual effect, of the magic of its irresistible and felicitous charm. These qualities are the astonishing result of the art of composition, in which house and garden are so inimitably blended as to produce the effect of an exquisitely painted landscape. So inspired is this art and so truthfully is it founded in the serene spirit of Nature, that it imitates her without being naturalistic, and gives a form to each element without offering the least violence or injury to the organic laws by which she rules.

The materials of construction are the plant, the stone, the growing tree, all offered by Nature and used for the purpose of creating an arrangement of wonder and delight. With an incomparable competence in composition, based upon the most subtle and delicate additions and subtractions, there results an intentional effect not granted by Nature to herself. In this artful way there emerges the planted landscape that surrounds the house, a garden-landscape, simulating the allure of Nature with such delicate demarcations between her work and that of man as to render the differences almost imperceptible. Groping its way, in very fine graduations, the garden finally reaches and embraces the house. Lying on the lush lawn like stony foot-prints are the narrow stepping stones that lead to the steep



Courtesy The Zauho Press, Tokyo

GARDEN PATH OF KAN-IN, BY SEN-NORIKYU,
MONOYAMA PERIOD (1573-1624), AT JUKO-IN
OF DAITOKUJI TEMPLE, KYOTO

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Courtesy The Zaoho Press, Tokyo

PAVILION BOKAKKU (SIDE VIEW), OTANI HONGANJI TEMPLE, KYOTO

steps by which the house is reached. At other times, a green carpet-bed loses itself, little by little, as if by accident, in the partly colored pebbles that lead to the paved gutter that runs around the house. Through the open framework of the house, on all sides, there appear the different sections of this landscape-picture. Its requirements are obligatory and are well known: the charming, elegantly curved bridges of bamboo or of a single shaped stone; the slender stone lamps whose queer yet thoughtfully studied contours seem the silhouettes, in these gardens, of miniature pagodas; rocks, artfully distributed, and the carefully twisted trellises of bamboo, provide, both by their materials and their striking contrasts, a graceful motive of composition in this sensitive landscape gardening.

The same natural tendency manifests itself in the organization of the house, in the choice and treatment of materials, in purposely making the construction visible. The graceful pat-

tern of the reeds that serve to bear the wall-plastering, adds an abstract ornament of line, visible in those sections where the plaster has been intentionally omitted. What often appears to be accidental turns out to be a result of the most mature and carefully considered reflection. In the framework of the walls the natural studs are sometimes chosen because of the odd curves arising from a hindered growth, and were obviously selected with much effort and after long study, so that the gracefulness of their curves would produce a meticulously calculated result. Such seeming accidents, from which derive the charming effect of the planting and growth, are also to be found in the form of the roofs. These, too, as is shown by the masterly composition of their multiformed shapes, are the result of a superb craftsmanship, which also proves its sensitive feeling for the organic in the choice of the covering materials. Over the house itself, heavy tiles are used to protect the timberwork, but the light



Courtesy The Zauho Press, Tokyo

CHION-IN TEMPLE, KYOTO

Early Edo Period (Seventeenth Century)

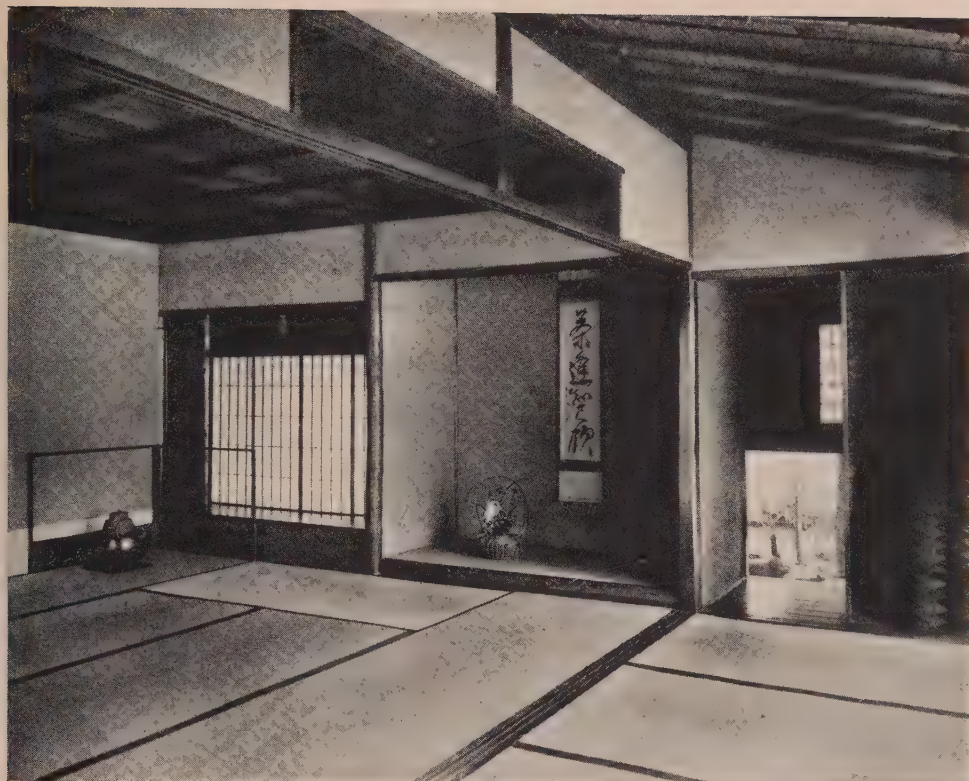
roofs of the porch are covered only with wooden shingles.

Another source of the astonishing effect, inherent in these creations, and of no less importance, is the masterly handling of scale, the infallibly unerring accuracy of the eye. Man is here the measure of all things, and all quantities and proportions are fixed only in their relationship to him. As the Japanese people are not tall in stature, the scale of most houses is small, but the effect of size is amazingly increased by an art that uses contrasted masses and the most subtle refinements of pattern and perspective. In a narrow court, for instance, a miniature landscape is composed of trees, bushes and stones, on a base of a few square feet, to give an impression of vastness in nature and offering, in its miniature yet majestic monumentality, a supreme spot for contemplation.

As one considers these things, it is almost impossible to imagine that the houses are the

result of such plans and designs as are the custom in the United States and in Europe. One is rather tempted to regard them as a superlative creative production, based upon a handiwork so unusual in its independence that it unfolds its rare inventive faculty and the wealth of its productive skill, in the very act of building. One cannot escape the conviction that here is an intuitive comprehension of local conditions and a deliberate use of all possibilities of composition as they derive from the organic growth of the fabric itself.

The keepers of the traditions of Japanese craftsmanship and culture were, as one may remember, the tea-masters. In early times, as is reported, they were themselves architects, and it is assumed that the teaching and cultivation of craftwork and the love of its practice, were due to their activities. The cult of the tea-ceremony plays a great part in the social life of Japan. Each house, where the occupant can afford it, has usually a special tea-room, gener-



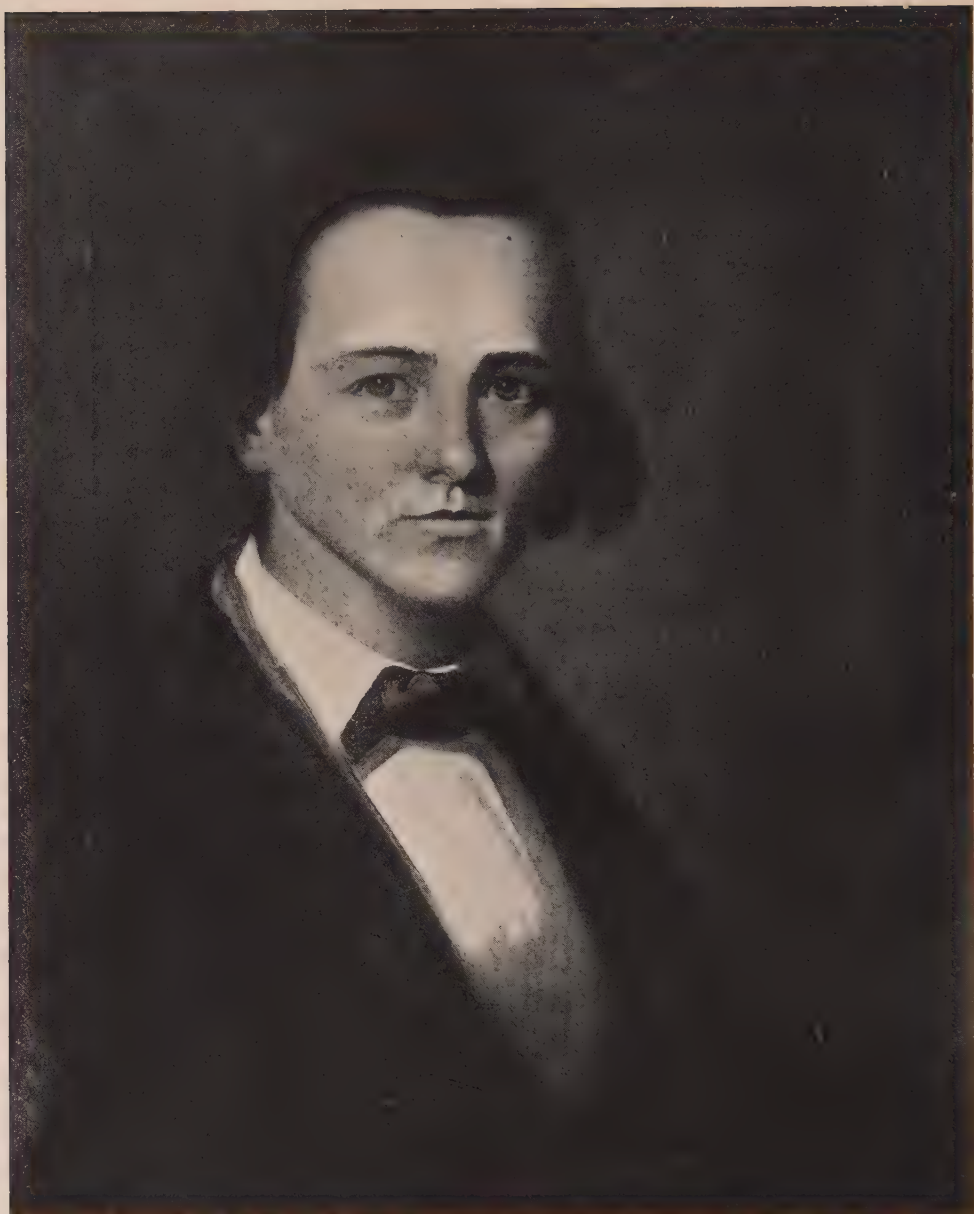
Courtesy The Zauho Press, Tokyo

TEA ROOM, "MUCHAKUKUN," RESIDENCE OF MR. HORINOUCHI
Meiji Period (Twentieth Century)

ally placed in a separate building. The whole effort and ambition of the builder is concentrated on that room, and in producing the most perfect simplicity. Therefore, a good tea-room costs more than a house, as is told by Okakuro Kakuzo in his charming book about tea: "Because the selection of materials and workmen requires the greatest care and accuracy." There are many examples for one seeking a solution of this sublime problem, standing documents that demonstrate the characteristic uniqueness of Japanese interiors, the pronounced liking for the idea suggested by the word "empty," and the infinite feeling of space that ensues,—as well as the incomparable mastery in treating surfaces, and the subtle art of arranging and distributing decorations, even including the flowers in the vases. This art reaches its perfection in the tokonoma, that niche in the tea-room which forms the place of honor. Here the objects of art are exhibited in that careful selection by which they are offered for

worship alone. This superlative skill, not readily understood by the Western mind, so absolutely different are Western æsthetic traditions, has been preserved up to the present day. Moreover, nothing of the homelike atmosphere of the rooms is lost, in spite of the advent of such western conveniences as swivel faucets and every modern plumbing device.

The concept of organic building, springing from a feeling for the life and worth of man and Nature, finds its most perfect realization in the Japanese house. The first architect to interpret this grand organic model and to derive a working knowledge from it, was Frank Lloyd Wright. By an eager and indefatigable study of the Japanese art of building he has, as he explains, gained a fundamental perception of architecture. With his convincing formulæ for organic building, based on these perceptions and applied in a long series of buildings, he has helped to restore the art of building to an act of creative workmanship.



GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM: DR. OSCAR POTTER

All illustrations for the article on Bingham are used through the courtesy of the
City Art Museum of St. Louis.



GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM: DANIEL BOONE ESCORTING A BAND OF PIONEERS INTO THE WESTERN COUNTRY

GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM

By MARQUIS W. CHILDS

IT is somehow extraordinary to realize that the Middlewest had a painter of some stature as early as 1850. George Caleb Bingham left a fascinating record, for long neglected, of his time. And what a racy, highly colored time it was one realizes when one sees his pictures gathered together.

For the first time a serious effort has been made to assemble a representative collection* of the work of this forgotten American painter. Bingham was in a sense the Currier and Ives of the West. The settlement of the new country, the flow of life down the great rivers, democracy functioning in its early and naïve

state, all this and much more Bingham set down with an Hogarthian eye for detail.

Now that his work has been dusted off and cleaned up, it is difficult to understand why this painter was so long neglected. For it would seem that merely as a record of a peculiarly fascinating phase of the past his work should have held attention. But perhaps it was necessary to be removed from that phase by a certain number of decades before this was apparent. And possibly a shift in taste had to occur that we might outgrow a prejudice against paintings that seemed "old-fashioned."

The Bingham exhibit, along with the re-discovery of Currier and Ives and the rise of such painters as Grant Wood and John Steuart Curry, seems tangible proof of a new trend. Painting that is laboratory painting, experimental painting, too often static, no longer holds the entire stage. We look with interest suddenly renewed at these big canvases crowded with figures in attitudes familiar and

*Meyric R. Rogers, director of the City Art Museum of St. Louis, is responsible for last spring's exhibition. Another is scheduled for appearance at the Museum of Modern Art and elsewhere this season. This exhibit, giving as it does a cross-section of Bingham's forty years of painting, comes not long after purchase by the Metropolitan Museum in New York of a most interesting and characteristic Bingham, one of the Missouri River fur trading scenes. See this magazine, August, 1933, p. 392.



GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM: THE JOLLY FLATBOATMEN (NO. 2)

yet strange, glowing with a life that is common and yet remote and unknown.

Bingham was well suited to set down the turbulent life of his time. He was not only a painter but a politician and a shrewd one; an officeholder in a period when it was no disgrace to hold public office, however minor; an ardent anti-slavery man who fought for his cause with deep fervor.

He was born in 1811 on a large plantation in Virginia and while still a young boy he went with his family over the Cumberland in the great migration that contributed so much to the Middlewest. The Bingham family settled at Franklin, Missouri, then the most important town west of St. Louis. Across the river lived old Daniel Boone and his eighteen children, at Boonslick. Daniel Boone and his sons collected salt at a saline spring and shipped it down the river in canoes made of hollow sycamore logs. In the summer of 1820 Chester Harding came to Boonslick to paint Daniel Boone. Young George Bingham saw his first honest-to-God painter.

He had been painting before—for several years, as though painting were an essential process like eating and sleeping. Despite all the harsh, imperative demands of the frontier

he persisted in his desire to become a painter. And become a painter he did. What is more, he found a patron on the frontier, a whole family of patrons in the Rollins clan of Columbia, Missouri. They were a distinguished lot and one of their clan loyalties that endured through two generations was to Bingham.

Very early he turned journeyman portrait painter. There is a record of his visit to a small town in which he hung out his shingle, painted the portraits of seven lawyers and three doctors to everyone's satisfaction, pocketed the proceeds and went on his way rejoicing, all within the space of a month. Advancing in his profession, he visited Washington and there was granted quarters in the Capitol to set up his easel. He painted most of the leading figures of the time, including old John Quincy Adams.

But he belonged in the West, both as painter and politician, and he seems always to have been aware of that. He came back to Missouri in 1844 to take part in the strenuous presidential campaign that rocked the country in that year. A good Whig, he carried word of the virtues of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" to many a rural hustings. And he carried also a notebook in which he drew innumerable types



GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM: THE COUNTY ELECTION

that he saw at the political rallies he addressed.

While the paintings were done later, these sketches and the observations Bingham made in the course of this tour were the basis for his political series, three of which, "The County Election," "Stump Speaking" and "The Verdict of the People," were included in the St. Louis showing of his work. The gusto, the crude excitement, the intense community interest of a simple democracy are here. They may be compared, and not unfavorably, with certain of the Hogarth series. Less sharp, less acrid, they have a compensating mellowness, an expansiveness, a richness that seems to characterize the time.

Here are all the persons and personages of frontier democracy. At the extreme left in "The County Election" is the Negro freedman with his whiskey table, conveniently close to the courthouse steps where the balloting is in progress. At the right is a young man who suffers from too much brawling. The design is built up to center the eye upon the voter, a rustic in a bright red shirt, who stands with his hand on the Bible about to make known his choice. Long before the secret ballot, the

voter of the period was required to call out his choice so that all might hear. Obviously there were no laws against electioneering at the polls, for one of the two silk-hatted candidates who are posted on the steps—said to be Bingham's rival in a fiercely contested election for a seat in the Missouri legislature—is handing his card to the voter next in line. In the foreground two small boys are playing mumblety-peg.

"We saw most unmistakably an old county court judge of the interior, who may invariably be seen on 'election day' perched upon the courthouse fence, discoursing with the learning and authority which are inseparable from high official position upon the infallibility and super-excellence of the 'Democratic party,'" a contemporary critic wrote in the *St. Louis Intelligencer*, following a popular custom of identifying one or more of the sixty figures in the painting. "There he sits in the identical place and attitude in Bingham's picture, so true a copy that we are sure, were the original to see it, he would feel insulted at the artist's presumptuous transfer of such an unapproachable greatness to vulgar canvas."

The West took a pride in this western painter, aware that he was a part of the life of the region. In 1851 an anonymous critic in the *Western Monthly Journal*, a magazine published in St. Louis through the late 'forties and early 'fifties, spoke of Bingham as "par excellence the American artist." "He has no occasion," said this critic, "to copy the old masters, for their genius is original in himself. He himself is a Master—one of the new Masters."

To Bingham an even more fertile source than county politics was the flow of life that moved along the rivers, Mississippi and Missouri. And here, too, we are deeply in his debt, for the rich and diversified traffic of the great rivers has vanished no less than the primitive democracy of the frontier. There are few enough records of the era of the keelboat and the raft, and among them Bingham's paintings take a high place. For they portray not only the externals of the period, the curious details of dress and face—and there was a different type of face then which was the common denominator of faces—but, more important perhaps to an understanding of the time, they convey as well the sense of a world young, untouched, bursting with vitality and with a reckless, wild eagerness.

In "The Jolly Flatboatmen," "Raftsmen Playing Cards," and the Missouri river fur trading scenes, Bingham does what Mark Twain did in that magnificent fragment which was exorcised from "Huckleberry Finn" but included in "Life on the Mississippi," describing the down-river passage of a raft with its quota of raftsmen. There is the same gusto, the same humor, the same proud joy in living.

"The Jolly Flatboatmen" in particular has the quality of the great river in the day when it was the highway of the whole Mississippi Valley, the principal artery of trade and travel between North and South. The flatboat is floating down the broad stream, presumably somewhere between St. Louis and New Orleans. It is in a long stretch of deep water where the current is so swift and the channel so straight that it is unnecessary to use even the sweeps for steering. The whole crew is idling on the upper, the only open, deck. One man is dancing the hoe-down while another fiddles and still another beats time on what is

apparently a frying pan. The others are grouped at their ease about the dancer, idly, humorously watching. There are at least two versions of the same theme and "The Jolly Keelboatmen" shows a similar group, drinking, dancing, loafing, on a keelboat tied up at the St. Louis levee. The Missouri River scenes, while less detailed, have the same quality of freshness and vigorous, bursting life.

Bingham was elected State Treasurer of Missouri and served, with scrupulous integrity, during the latter years of the Civil War when elsewhere throughout the nation public officials were chiefly engaged in grabbing what they could from the public trough. In the summer of 1861 he had served as captain of what was known as the Irish Company of Van Horn's Battalion of United States Volunteer Reserve Corps. The Battalion was formed to preserve law and order in Kansas City. Just prior to the war he had been in Germany and there had come under the influence of the Dusseldorf School. While his latter paintings show certain of the artificialities of this school, his independence and his forthrightness were never subordinated to a manner or a style.

Often his design is weak. His color sense is sometimes defective, too often limited. Occasionally he is guilty of false rhetoric, an exaggerated pathos. But despite this, one gets from Bingham a sense of the past that nothing else can give. No photograph, even had photographers reached Missouri early enough to record what the painter recorded, could give those same manifold connotations of life. It is perhaps time to reexamine the term "photographic art," for it would seem that the veriest hack, who wants to achieve photography, adds something that no mechanical recording device could ever add, something that is inherent in the time.

During his life Bingham had a certain measure of recognition, accorded for the most part through the American Art Union. But soon his work was largely forgotten. Not until Meyric Rogers, discovering three paintings by Bingham on loan to the St. Louis Museum, saw in them qualities unusual for their period was Bingham's work thought sufficiently important to merit an exhibition. Bingham now takes a minor but significant place in the development of the American tradition.



GEORGE CALEB BINGHAM: MRS. ANTHONY W. ROLLINS



J. B. C. COROT: MARISSSEL ROAD OPPOSITE CHURCH
Included in the Exhibition of Early Landscape and Figure
Pieces on view at the Knoedler Galleries this month.

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

By FORBES WATSON

AT the moment when the glorious landscape exhibition, which spent the summer in the Metropolitan Museum's grandiose and damning "current exhibitions" gallery, was dispersed, and the paintings of power and splendor, together with several surprisingly ordinary works, were returned, some to their familiar historic niches in the Museum, others to extramural public and private collections, the first murmurings could be heard of the tentatively beginning parade of New York's feverish winter exhibition season. The dealers began to spruce up and to contemplate the brave idea of replacing the nondescript with the particular, praying in the meanwhile, none too silently, that the manufacturers of red ink would have a hard winter.

The art critics wandered dubiously out of their European and domestic hiding places, blinked their eyes, and went forth to see if a new exhibition or two had opened. The sunny unconcern which Fifth Avenue and Fifty-Seventh Street like to emulate in the hot months, when they can—which was not last summer—, began to be darkened by the appearance of those heroes of hope called advertising men. And, surest sign of coming winter, the gallery salesmen began to glance at entering visitors as if by chance the age of miracles had not vanished forever. Someone might be coming in who was neither an out-of-town critic, an artist asking for an exhibition date, a travelling spinster in quest of culture, or a visiting museum director in search of gossip. Even the greatest miracle, a buyer, might enter. (Buyers of art are sometimes called collectors.) In a word, the world of art was beginning, with trembling courage, to go through the motion of putting its best foot forward.

At this excellently psychological moment the Museum of Modern Art presented to its visitors an exhibition of the work done under the Public Works of Art project. It brought the exhibition from Washington and paid its travelling expenses. The Museum's director, Mr. Alfred Barr, was rewarded for his energy and understanding by winning the honor of

opening the New York exhibition season in a manner both significant and symbolic. For the Public Works of Art Project was not merely an emergency relief. Supported by C. W. A. and administered by the Treasury it accomplished much more than Mr. Harry L. Hopkins and those whose fervid energies are concentrated on relief, as such, could possibly imagine. It aroused half a thousand volunteers, from every state in the Union, to work actively for the artists and it undermined advertently the widespread dogma that art is the child of preciosity and ballyhoo.

The limits of his museum's space prevented Mr. Barr from giving any idea of the amount of work done by the artists for the Government during the few short months of high activity. Of the quality of the work he gave a just idea and he showed it beautifully. Only the sculpture looked better in our Washington exhibition last spring. The same paintings looked for the most part much better in the Modern Museum than in the Corcoran Gallery, partly because the Modern Museum could completely ignore the equities of regional representation, partly because domestic sized pictures are apt to look more at home in domestic sized rooms than in the cold and wearily formal average museum. Like the Whitney Museum of American Art the Museum of Modern Art is architecturally unpretentious. Far as it is from being a jewel of allurements at least it is not pompous.

Many of the pictures and the few works of sculpture were illustrated for the first time in the March issue of this magazine. Critical estimates of the work have been published over and over again. In general the precious were antipathetic, realizing that the Public Works of Art Project was an attack upon them just as, in a broad way, the entire Public Works Administration is an attack upon the privileged. A certain amount of the exhibits could be described as honest if uninspired efforts to earn a proffered wage. Enough remained of a quality to prove that the Government had been richly rewarded for its too temporary experiment and to inspire future city,



J. B. C. COROT: PORT ROCHELLE

Included in the Exhibition of Early Landscape and Figure Pieces on view at the Knoedler Galleries this month

state and regional activity on behalf of the artist.

Why do I contend that the exhibition is symbolic and significant? Because it shows that local agencies, once they liberated themselves from the domination of the exaggerated reputations that grow out of the high-tensioned promotional methods of the Metropolis, can establish a simpler and more understanding relationship between the artist and his public. They can eliminate the utterly artificial valuations that condemn the artist to a wild economic gamble. This exhibition symbolizes a new and healthier economic era for the artist in which, under less affected and more general and concrete forms of encouragement, his production would become less hothouse, more natural, more rooted, and consequently stronger.

That the artist cannot survive under the old methods is clear and that under them the public did not begin to reap the fruits of art which are within its reach is also self-evident. New methods must be instituted not only for the artist's sake, but for the public's. I do not look forward to a false Utopia in which every

one of the thousands of nincompoops who pose as artists will be paternally encouraged to add to the rubbish which they have already produced. Nor do I believe that Federal Government money or local government money can create art or artists by the simple process of being poured into the pockets of every weakling who thinks he's an artist.

But I do believe that over and above this herd of misguided egotists, a herd that increases appallingly from year to year under our quantitative system, there is a body of genuine artists of differing calibres whose development is being thwarted by a worn-out system of promotion, appreciation and production and by the timid, apprehensive and artificial approach of the public to art. To thwart the development of our artists is to waste life. It is a waste which, in this stage of our development, America certainly cannot afford. To escape from the impoverishing results of such waste it is not necessary to go to Washington and weep on the Federal Government's already overburdened shoulders.

The very regional committees who worked



Courtesy Pennsylvania Museum, Philadelphia

J. B. C. COROT: WOMAN AND CHILD ON SEASHORE

Lent by the Johnson Collection to Knoedler's Exhibition of Early Landscapes and Figure Pieces by Corot now on view

as volunteers for the Public Works of Art Project suggest a way out. There are local jobs by the hundred, public and private, for local artists just as soon as prospective clients overcome their habit of running after overblown reputations and look about them with eyes unafraid and interested. Aside from the fact that they are missing a lot of fun we can be pretty sure that we shall never push our artists to their best until we break down the present-day fancy methods of promoting art and approach the pleasure of utilizing the artist's products in a far more direct and simple way. By our present system we are asking the artist to do his best for timid souls. That doesn't seem quite fair.

Wanamaker Holds Two Regional Shows

The John Wanamaker Stores are bursting forth with two art exhibitions running simul-

taneously in New York and Philadelphia. The Wanamakers were always a step ahead of the other big stores in concerning themselves with art. Indeed, their tradition of activity in this field long precedes the present general big store habit of maintaining antique and modern art departments. Don't you remember, when you were young, gaping at those huge and diverting Salon machines which Mr. Wanamaker, Senior, imported straight from Paris as symbols of his holy belief in the public's innocence? My chronology is not exceptional, but as I remember, Wanamaker's was the first great store to have an antique department under a buyer who knew his antiques. And the ladies who once flourished in the Wanamaker decorating department and modern art department rose to the tops of their professions.

Therefore, in the present critical juncture for the artists, it is fitting that Wanamaker's



EDWARD BRUCE: VALLEY OF SANTA YNES

Included in Wanamaker's New York exhibition. Mr. Bruce's one-man exhibition at the Milch Galleries opens November 15th.

should throw the unrefined light of direct business methods upon the painter's dark dilemma. It is the aptest time for the undertaking. The artists are gasping audibly for bread and water. Only a few of the bigger and safer names, under the impetus of astute promotion, have been enjoying a living wage. In the New York exhibition all the eminent painters of liberal persuasion, except one or two of the most jealously protected, are present. The Downtown Gallery, the Milch Gallery, Kraushaar's and Macbeth's and all the other galleries which take a broad view of the continuing crisis evinced a spirit of coöperation.

Before the exhibition opened, I saw Lloyd Goodrich, Robert Harshe, and Grant Wood doing their jury duties with complete concentration. The next day Leon Kroll was present with sleeves rolled up and working as he knows how to work over the difficult problems of hanging. The honorary committee of the exhibition glitters with the names of the Governor of New York and the presidents and directors of various museums.

The exhibition was not in place when the editor called for this copy, but I saw many of the pictures stacked against the walls and lying on the floor preparatory to hanging. It's a real exhibition representing a large proportion of our best artists. It is broadminded in selection and its size is sufficient to take it out of the

little group movements without being large enough to be fatiguing.

No sales commission is being charged to the artists. Wanamaker's have made an effort to have the artists put low prices on their pictures. Quite frankly they are stressing sales and the artists will be the benefactors. It is an opportunity for the buyers. Altogether I like the spirit of the whole undertaking.

Tiptoeing about and trying not to get in the way of the workers busily preparing for the opening, I happened upon paintings by:

Arnold Blanch, Anne Brockman, Edward Bruce, Leon Kroll, Lucille Blanch, Max Weber, Alexander Brook, Nan Watson, Henry Schnakenberg, Reginald Marsh, Jonas Lie, George Picken, Karl Free, Dorothy Varian, Bernard Karfiol, Henry Billings, Arnold Wiltz, Henry Mattson, etc., etc. This partial list is a keynote and is proof enough of much to look forward to.

Edward Bruce at Milch's

Following the Sidney Laufman Show, opening November fifth, Edward Bruce's paintings will occupy Milch Galleries. However, it is not of Edward Bruce, the painter, that I am going to write, but of Edward Bruce the man as I knew him while we worked together in the service of the Government. I should say that he is one of the most amazing people who ever

graced a governmental desk, combining as he does an astoundingly optimistic capacity for organization, an expert's knowledge of the ways of politicians and a furious determination to help his fellow artists.

He was secretary—still is—of the most heterogeneous committee in Washington, the Advisory Committee on Fine Arts to the Treasury. As such he inherited the overlordship of the Public Works of Art Project. That project did not follow a beaten track of governmental precedent. It was created out of Mr. Bruce's brain. It developed with speed and health, bumping over, under, and otherwise past, a series of obstacles that would have smashed a less resilient and buoyant organization. It grew from the comedy child of relief

into an envied darling, for its employment record was far above the average, and its expense account far below. Sometimes it would bump completely off the track. Mr. Bruce would rush forth into the intricate fastnesses of Washingtonian government, return with a crowbar and with a great heave put the wild young machine back on the track.

The famous Advisory Committee had no great passion for meeting. It contained such members as Harry L. Hopkins, who obviously felt, under the circumstances, that relief was far more important than art, so much more important, in fact, that if he went to the National Exhibition of the Project, at least I never saw him there. And it contained Dr. Rexford Tugwell, who made the most sophis-



STEPHAN
HIRSCH:

BUMPED OFF

Included in Wana-
maker's New York
exhibition.



ERNEST FIENE: EAST SIDE BACK YARD

Included in Wanamaker's New York exhibition. Wanamaker gave some \$3,150 for the purchase of pictures

ticated selection of pictures of any man in the government. But he had a few other things to do besides watching the Project. It was Edward Bruce who drove the engine unceasingly forward.

He argued, he talked, he read hundreds of letters from artists and from informal and formal groups. He pictured the artist's needs. He pushed ahead past one obstacle only to meet two more. Then he pushed harder. He inspired others to help us help the artists. He was the chief motive force in saving about three thousand artists of a pretty high average of accomplishment from a very hard winter. If he had followed the ordinary rule-of-thumb relief methods no more men and women would have been helped and a much lower grade of work would have been produced. He worked until he was worn out and the Project was through as an active service to American artists.

Then he retired to the country and devoted himself to his health and his painting. He

must have painted with a good conscience. I am told by a friend who visited him for a month this summer that when he returned to active painting he worked daily from six in the morning until twilight. The results of this prodigious painting energy will be shown in a one-man exhibition at the Milch Gallery. I have not seen the paintings. But I don't see how, being by Bruce, they can escape from expressing the tenacity and zest with which, as a fellow worker, he always attacked the thing to be accomplished.

The Field Foundation

The Field Foundation collection which started its travels in the Downtown Gallery and thence, as one of Mrs. Audrey McMahon's circuit exhibitions, will proceed to distant parts, revels in the amateur spirit of the late Hamilton Easter Field, for whom the Foundation was named. He was the true amateur. He loved art and he lived for and



JEAN LOUIS FORAIN: CALVARY
In the Season's First Exhibition at Kraushaar's

with art. He wrote, he edited, he painted, he held exhibitions, he collected. He traded in all sorts of things. He drove classic bargains. He was a most complex character who at this time could only be projected in fiction.

He published the first twelve issues of *The Arts*. He edited it, was its business manager and advertising manager. His love of art was reflected in his magazine which was a strictly personal production. He fought his personal battles in it endlessly. But he fought the battles of other artists also. He gossiped charmingly in one column like an old lady on a rainy day and in the next wrote like a warrior.

He put through the most curious business deals. Always he remained the amateur of art. His love of it, which was constant, lent a special flavor to his efforts and gave them their significance. Haphazard as were his issues of *The Arts* they were alive and suggestive. Erratic and unformed as was his criticism it was fearless, genuine, and personal. If his painting lacked vitality it was never common.

The Foundation's collection reflects attractively his clubby incongruities. It contains a deeply handsome still life by Niles Spencer and a real artist's choice in the landscape by Brook, together with specimens by all the boys and girls who have visited or lived in one of Field's houses. In many cases they are more playful than important. In an amateur spirit the collection was formed to honor an amateur who loved art devotedly.

Notes

The Knoedler Galleries have brought over a number of Corots from Paris and are also borrowing a number from famous collections in this country. They will be displayed beginning November 4th. The artists are already excited over the prospect since both figure pictures and early landscapes are included.

At Kraushaar's one of those unconventional and satisfactorily varied groups of prints that Mr. Kraushaar likes to show will start his season.

SPEAKING ABOUT ART

Competitive Figures

A RECENT release from the Art Institute of Chicago has set us to thinking. Since October was the last month of the Century of Progress Exposition, the Institute announced for that month several bargains in the price of admission, and so forth. A catalogue and ticket could be had for the original price of the catalogue alone; free guide service was furnished for groups of twenty-five to forty persons; lectures were given daily. It is interesting to note that no total attendance figures have been given by the Institute for this year's show, whereas last year's releases were full of them; and it is obvious that the attendance has not been as great and that the Institute wishes to make up the lack during the last month.

This is no doubt praiseworthy, an evidence of the Art Institute's desire to be of service to the public. But if service is the primary consideration, rather than hanging up an attendance record, why were the same inducements not in force for the whole of the exhibition? The ever-increasing tendency on the part of American museums to indulge in a competitive struggle for greater numbers may possibly be a necessary thing. Certainly it is a welcome reversal of the nineteenth-century attitude that the museum was a storehouse to which scholars alone were invited. The present-day museum, which must count on public and private funds for its support, must be able to furnish proof that it is valuable to its community, and this proof is likely to be quantitative, since qualitative proof is almost impossible to produce. The world of trustees and of city councils is not so easily convinced of the public's appetite for art, and is more inclined to loosen its purse strings if it is confronted by large figures.

But the urge to set records becomes so easily an end in itself. Museums now enjoy the best advertising talent and make use of the most modern publicity methods. So much has been said about relieving them of their forbidding atmosphere that they now go out to get the crowds in the accepted American manner. They undoubtedly do get them, and they have proved that there are literally millions of people whom they can attract. This victory having been won, it is perhaps unkind to say, "So what?" But the question will arise. If museums spend too much of their energy in merely luring the public within their doors, we will have an enormous *registered* audience for the arts.

Our discriminating audience, which is the only one that counts, may be added to through a few chance converts who will come again and again, who will start to think and to learn and to experience. But if the creation of a discriminating audience is the objective, there is much waste motion. In spite of the intelligent educational programs maintained by most museums, the emphasis on attendance alone is still marked.

It is true that the museum had first to get people to come to them before they could do anything with those people. The people are coming now, by the millions, and they are spending, according to statistics, an average of a few seconds in front of each picture. They don't need to have their attention caught so much as they need to have that attention translated into understanding.

Coöperation in Philadelphia

ONE of the most successful housing projects made possible by the Roosevelt administration is that of the Hosiery Workers of Philadelphia. It is the result of two years' sociological study, and the equity for the project was provided by the American Federation of Hosiery Workers itself. It represents the beginning of a workers' city, which it is hoped the Government will carry on, with its own meeting-hall, kindergarten, library, swimming-pool, coöperative store. While construction was going ahead, the officers of the Union, in conjunction with the architects, Kastner and Stonorov and William Pope Barney, and with C. Philip Boyer, Director of the Boyer Galleries, were planning to have artists contribute to the project by decorating some of the community rooms with frescoes and sculpture. They hoped that they might bring together architect, painter, and sculptor in a coöperative common achievement, and since they felt that it was inadvisable to dictate arbitrarily, they did no more than acquaint the competing artists with the history of the Union and of the project.

The results of the competition, open to all artists, were shown recently at the Boyer Galleries and were considered by a jury composed of Dr. Fiske Kimball, Director of the Pennsylvania Museum; Franklin Watkins, painter; Edward B. Rowan, representing the Government; John W. Edelman, representing the Union; and Oscar Stonorov, representing the architects. The jury recommended five artists:



GEORGE BIDDLE: SKETCH FOR MURAL IN AUDITORIUM OF THE
CARL MACKLEY HOUSING PROJECT, PHILADELPHIA

George Biddle, Olle Nordmark, and Stuyvesant Van Veen, painters; and Isamu Noguchi and Robert Cronback, sculptors.

More San Diego

FURTHER news of the San Diego tax affair discussed last month is given in a later letter from Foster Jewell, San Diego artist. It seems that only eight or ten of the artists of San Diego have been taxed, whereas nothing was done about the remaining two hundred and thirty members of the Artist Guild. Mr. Johnson, Assessor, was very much surprised to learn of the existence of the Guild and had apparently not intended to discriminate unfairly. His ignorance was due to the fact that untaxed members of the Guild had kept very quiet, in the thought that by so doing they could escape taxation. They therefore left the taxed minority to wage the fight alone. Mr. Jewell tells us that the taxed artists are not giving up, that it may be possible to have the state constitution changed, or the mind of Mr. Johnson, since he is the only county assessor who has given the state property law this particular interpretation. It would be wise for all the artists of San Diego County, as well as all the artists of California, to join in this effort.

New Hampshire Crafts

THE League of New Hampshire Arts and Crafts is the only state-subsidized organization in the country designed to encourage the crafts. It was begun through the construc-

tive imagination of Mrs. J. Randolph Coolidge, who believed that the people of the state, especially of the rural communities, could produce during the long winters craft articles that were suitable for sale. She began eight years ago to encourage craftsmanship of a high standard in her own town. Successful exhibitions and sales attracted the attention of Governor Winant, who in 1931 appointed a commission to encourage the crafts throughout the state, with Mrs. Coolidge at its head. Today, the League boasts a state-wide organization, furnishes teachers, supervises local groups, maintains standards, and provides markets. New Hampshire raw materials are increasingly used.

Miss Thelma Brackett, State Librarian, writes us that even the heads of the League themselves did not realize the scope of their accomplishment until they organized the Crawford Notch Craftsmen's Fair this past summer. The fair was held in an old coach house, and not only were finished articles on display, but the craftsmen themselves were at work, explaining the various processes in pottery-making, spinning, dyeing, weaving, furniture-making, needlework, metal-working, basketry. Old patterns have been revived and new ones created, and the traditional designs of New England are presented side by side with those produced by foreign-born citizens of the state, who are being given an opportunity to contribute from their native cultures.

The fair was a complete success from every point of view. Sales tripled the sum set by the



JEAN-ANTOINE HOUDON: THOMAS JEFFERSON
RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

director as a successful objective. Members of the League derived a tremendous stimulus from seeing the work of other communities and craftsmen, and from feeling themselves part of a large and worth-while organization. And on the public the psychological effect of this evidence of two years of state accomplishment cannot be doubted.

Colorado Springs Begins an Art Center

WE hear from Archie L. Musick, of Colorado Springs, that the new five-hundred-thousand-dollar Fine Arts Center has been under way since early June, its architecture "strictly American." We don't know precisely what that means, but at any rate the Art Center will have two galleries, one for a permanent collection, one for current exhibitions; a number of studios, both for classroom and private use; a large auditorium with a stage sufficient to accommodate a small symphony orchestra; a stage and small auditorium for little-theatre activities; green room, shop, wardrobe and auxiliary rooms for drama groups and musical clubs; a large library which will house first editions, rare prints, and the magnificent Indian collection of Mrs. F. M. P. Taylor, sponsor of the project.

Mr. Musick comments that two general dangers are involved:

"First, nothing is so vulnerable to the social cancer as an art school. If this great undertaking does not develop into a talent-versus-social-prestige dilemma, it will be the second school I know of in America which has successfully avoided it. The rule is, with such rare exceptions as Cézanne, Delacroix, and a few others, that anyone financially able to spend his time pursuing the 'finer things of life,' is physically too lazy—or lacking in whatever the stuff is that drives one to it—to undergo the terrific grind of acquiring the fundamentals of organic painting; while yet his position enables him to dominate and to set standards. And humble talent usually becomes the barnacle on the buttress.

"Secondly, and no less sinister, is the hazard of this very tolerable work of architecture housing hundreds of nature-replicas, lavish with sentiment and mood, but destitute in creative content. Incontrovertible is the fact that we, west of the Cumberland Range, are in a barbarous state of aesthetic development. Hitherto, as all galleries in the West will testify, the tenets of painting have included only a capacity for loving nature and a facility in copying it. There should be more stuffed buffalo to

stand in the van of our atmospheric cloud effects, stark after-glows, and highly techniqued mesa-lands which have set such an immutable precedent. Of late, it is true, this is being countered by some symptoms of the other extreme. Plumed pigeons have homed in from far-off lands and ghosts of dead Paris are being hailed as harbingers. Which also permits of the shortcut to glory without the grind.

"In Colorado Springs, besides these thirty-sixth-hand condescendments, the collective influence of Carlson, Reid, Sandzen, Davey, Lawson, and Robinson has gone into the crucible from which is to issue forth the genius molded by our new Fine Arts Center."

Jefferson at Boston

THE Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, has recently acquired a portrait bust of Thomas Jefferson, in marble, by Jean-Antoine Houdon, said to be the best likeness of Jefferson in existence. The Museum already possessed four Houdon busts, of Washington, John Paul Jones, Joel Barlow, and Turgot. The five portraits will be exhibited together in a special gallery.

Heat and Italian Paintings at Nashville

THE Kress Exhibition of Early Italian Paintings has been on exhibition in the Nashville Parthenon from July 15 to October 10. Mr. E. M. Kirby has reported to us concerning the great interest that the exhibition has aroused, in spite of the hottest summer that Nashville has seen in seventy years. He says that the Committee has reason to believe that by the end of the exhibition period over seventy-five thousand people, or nearly half the population of the city, would have attended. Spectators have been representative of all walks of life. This attendance was made possible through the efforts of the Committee, headed by Mrs. Edward Potter, Jr., Nashville artist, who arranged daily lectures and two radio programs a week, and won the coöperation of the Nashville newspapers and the various social, cultural, and religious organizations of the city.

Regionalism in Minnesota

FOR several years now state fairs in most parts of the country have found their art exhibitions increasingly good drawing cards. When fair managements began to discover this they made better exhibition facilities available and the people directly in charge of art sec-



EARL LORAN: ON THE MISSISSIPPI

In the twentieth annual local exhibition, Minneapolis Institute of Arts

tions, not to be outdone, have improved the quality and broadened the scope of art offered.

This year's Minnesota State Fair early in September was no exception, as even the most cursory glance at the catalogue discloses. It almost seems as if Mr. Clement Haupers had read Lewis Mumford's "Moral to Regionalists," the conclusion of his essay, "Orozco in New England" in the *New Republic* for October 10 before gathering material for the Minnesota Fair. Mr. Mumford says, among other worth-while things: "... a genuine regional tradition lives by two principles. One is, *cultivate whatever you have*, no matter how poor it is; *it is at least your own*. The other is, *seek elsewhere for what you do not possess*: absorb whatever is good wherever you may find it; *make it your own*." But since Mr. Mumford's article appeared after the show was over we are led to suspect that perhaps Minnesota, despite all the troubles of the day, is finding herself the possessor of a genuine tradition.

As evidence of this we point to the natural grouping of the exhibition into two parts along the lines indicated by Mr. Mumford. In the first category Mr. Haupers arranged an open exhibition for all Minnesota artists in competition for awards, a series of one-man shows by artists of the state (including, among others, B. J. O. Nordfelt, Dewey Albinson, Henry Holmstrom, William Norman, and Floyd E. Norman), a group of drawings and paintings done in the state during the 1850's and '60's, and a display of stone and copper prehistoric artifacts from the Minnesota Archaeological Society. In the second category are a variety of exhibitions: Fifty Prints of the Year, sent about by the American Art Dealers' Association, the seventh annual exhibition of American Print Makers, shown through the courtesy of the Downtown Galleries, New York, including some of our best progressive artists' work, the exhibition of Plant Forms in Ornament, circulated by The American Federation

of Arts, and a group of rubbings from Chinese memorial stones, restored by Wilma Cannon Fairbank.

Here certainly is the balanced variety of indigenous and foreign material which can give residents of Minnesota not only a picture of what their fellow citizens have done and are doing, but also the past achievements and current activities of the rest of the world.

Including Minneapolis

THE Twentieth Annual Exhibition of the work of Minneapolis and St. Paul artists opened with a pre-view at the Minneapolis Institute of Arts on September 28. Following the lead indicated by the Carnegie International, the jury consisted of an artist, a collector, and a critic, and the Institute seems to feel that if there is much difference between the pictures chosen by this jury and those chosen by the usual jury of artists, it is not obvious to them. Honors apparently went unanimously to the water colors.

And in New Mexico

LAST February mention was made in this section of the Rio Grande Painters of Santa Fé. Perhaps the regionalism of this group as seen in the light of Mr. Mumford's criteria

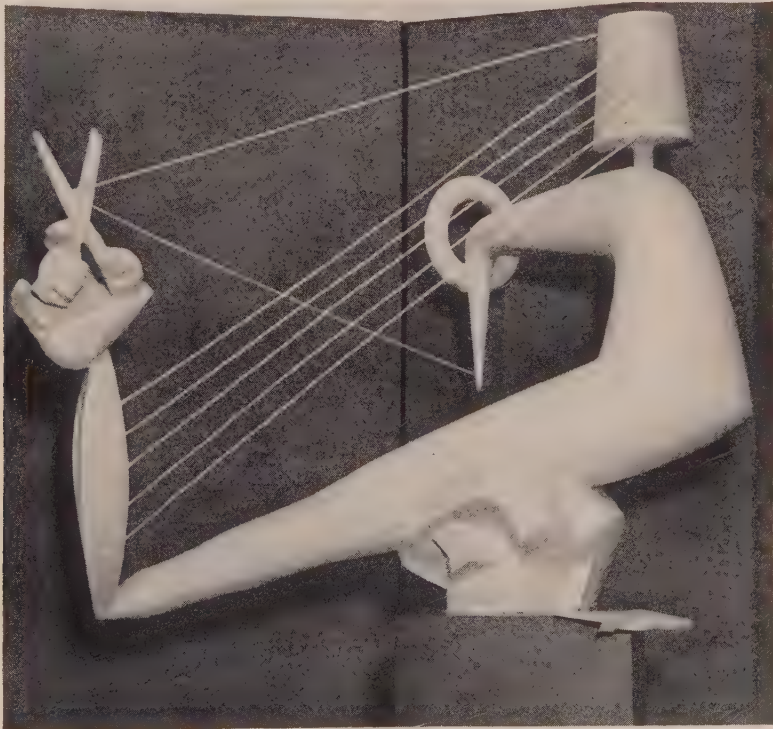
(given above) may lack the qualities he finds at Dartmouth. But perhaps, too, we may see in the group the beginnings of the real thing, however different they may be from the start we have discovered in Minnesota. The Rio Grande Painters do not pretend to form a social unit and are indeed quite frankly joined together by nothing more than the quality of southwestern landscape and the people that inhabit it.

Since last winter the group has changed in number. It now includes: E. Boyd, McHarg Davenport, Paul Lantz, Gina Schnauffer, Eleanor Stanton, Anne Stockton, and Cady Wells.

The exhibition of the group's work that was sent through parts of the middle west last season was widely liked. Last month another exhibition of their work opened at the Worcester Art Museum and met with the same success. From there it is being circulated by The American Federation of Arts and is being shown this month at the Wadsworth Atheneum, Hartford, Connecticut, and in December at the Museum of Fine Arts, Springfield, Massachusetts. Later in the season it will be seen at the Everhart Museum, Scranton, Pennsylvania, and the Chattanooga Art Association, Chattanooga, Tennessee. Other engagements are pending as we go to press.

ISAMU
NOGUCHI:

SCULPTURE



To be placed in front of the auditorium of the Carl Mackley Housing Project for Hosiery Workers, Philadelphia.



CADY WELLS: PENITENTES CEREMONY (WATER COLOR)

Included in Santa Fé Painters' traveling exhibit on view this month at the Wadsworth Athenaeum, Hartford. Circulated by The American Federation of Arts.

Simultaneously another show of the group's work is being sent through Kansas, Oklahoma, and neighboring states.

E. Boyd Van Cleave, secretary of the group, tells us something of its painters with special reference to the exhibition being circulated by the Federation:

"Cady Wells is exclusively a water colorist, his work in the last months has gained in psychological interest as well as technical proficiency. His series, done after watching the Penitente rites here, is both striking aesthetically and a record of the emotional meaning of the ceremonies. . . .

"Davenport is an individualist. . . . His painting is direct and spontaneous, so unacademic that it is at times literal in the old primitive sense. The so-called 'Still Life, Tombstone, 1860' is an example: three handsome corpses of desperadoes displayed in posy-bedecked caskets.

"Lantz has an arresting 'Navajo Dancers,' a well designed thing. His 'Storm,' frankly a variation of the inexhaustible El Greco, is rich in color and has sinister inferences.

"Stockton's 'Graveyard' and 'Winter in Santa Fé' are well handled landscapes in academic vein, one might say the backbone of the nation in paint, at least of its art schools.

"Gina Schnauffer's water colors are essentially of that medium, fluid, patterned, simpli-

fied, and personalized. Her oil of a native family is feminine in color and gay in treatment.

"E. Boyd is also mainly represented in water colors, her smallest, a clouds-piled-on-peaks effect, being the strongest. Her 'Accordion Player,' an oil, is amusingly placed and colored.

"Stanton uses the most forceful paint of any member of the group. It has texture and weight and interesting viewpoint; one wants to see more of it.

"As a whole the exhibition has one common note, its regional quality. The country in this section of the world is strong enough to actually dominate its painters, whose work is definitely shaped and molded after the original. This influence is complete enough to reach into the studio shades and make itself felt in a classic still life, or in the merest study of a head."

Institute and University Agree

THE Art Institute of Chicago has entered into an agreement with the University of Chicago which will enable the School to offer new courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Fine Arts and Bachelor of Dramatic Arts. Under this arrangement students will receive all their technical training in the School of the Art Institute, but will take one college course

each term in University College, the downtown department of the University of Chicago, located almost across the street from the Art Institute. At the end of four years the combined courses will qualify the student for a degree.

The Museum of Modern Art Appraises

ON its fifth anniversary, the Museum of Modern Art has paused to appraise its past accomplishments and future plans. It has also reasserted its interpretation of "modern art"—an interpretation which has been argued about ever since the founding of the Museum. The interpretation is:

"'Modern Art' is a relative, elastic term that serves conveniently to designate *painting, sculpture, architecture and the other visual arts, original and progressive in character*, produced especially within the last three decades but including also pioneer ancestors of the nineteenth century."

Among the accomplishments: A million people have visited the Museum to see thirty-five major exhibitions and numerous minor ones; over three million have seen its fifteen circulating exhibitions in seventy cities throughout the United States and Canada. An endowment fund of \$635,000 has been raised, which insures one-quarter of the yearly budget. The Bliss Collection has been received as a bequest. The Museum has twenty-eight publications to its credit. It has extended its activities to national and international horizons. Its international loan exhibitions of modern art have become a factor in creating understanding and sympathy among nations.

Among the future plans: A detailed plan has been prepared for the Museum's collection. As "modern art" in the collection becomes "accepted" it will be passed along to the historical museum. Likewise a detailed plan of loan exhibitions and a tentative exhibition schedule have been prepared for the next ten years. The Museum is making a careful study of its position in relation to existing institutions. A committee has been appointed to consider a plan of coöperation between the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The committee is composed of trustees from each institution.

Luks Memorial, Newark

A MEMORIAL exhibition of the works of George B. Luks will be held at the Newark Museum from October 20 to January 6. Canvases will be lent by the Metropolitan, the



E. BOYD: ACCORDION PLAYER

Included in the Santa Fé Painters' exhibit traveling in the East under auspices of The American Federation of Arts.

Addison Memorial Gallery, the Milwaukee Art Institute, Yale University, the Los Angeles Museum, and others. Among the private collectors represented will be Arthur F. Egner, president of the Museum, who was long a friend of the artist and owns some twenty of his paintings.

Metropolitan's Progress

THE progressive spirit which has lately animated the Metropolitan is to be noted particularly in the autumn program for the Museum's educational work, just received. For one thing, the program will be issued three times this year, in autumn, winter, and spring, instead of once a year as in former times; and it contains detailed calendars and descriptions of gallery talks and courses instead of general statements.

Mr. William M. Ivins points out to us that perhaps the most important change in the courses themselves has been the introduction of free gallery talks for the public every day in the week during term time except the two pay days, Monday and Friday. There are at least two of these talks a day.

NEW BOOKS ON ART

Plastic Redirections in 20th Century Painting

By James Johnson Sweeney. Published for the Renaissance Society of the University of Chicago by the University of Chicago Press. 1934. Price, \$1.50.

THIS is an approach to certain art manifestations by way of the intellect—a way which is being increasingly used by those now writing books about art. It has its fit place as one among several approaches; but as it is advocated here, the sole legitimate one, it can become dangerous. The limitation of art criticism to a purely intellectual process tends to diminish, even eliminate, the factor of intelligence, which comprehends far more than the intellect alone can grasp.

A less sectarian description of art criticism would say that its function is to affect the mind behind the eye, since it is the mind, its organization and its content, which determines how things are seen—to a considerable extent, what is seen. To this end the critic may use any means appropriate to the work, to the audience, to himself: intellectual definition, emotional impressionism, interpretive biography, historical treatment of an art form or of an age, technical explanation, any combination of those means or any other means that can be devised.

This generalized statement is only by way of rectifying a somewhat overweening claim for the particular critical method practised by Mr. Sweeney. In respect to his chosen subject-matter, that method is certainly appropriate; and, as he uses it, it is effective for the unavoidably small audience capable of responding to it. Mr. Sweeney discusses the successive "isms" of the twentieth century—fauvism, primitivism, cubism, futurism, dadaism, surrealism—as historically necessary manifestations. But Mr. Sweeney does not call attention to the most curious feature of this chain of "movements": the fact that each progressively violent rejection of rationality requires an increasingly elaborate rationalistic justification by manifesto. This does not, of course, by itself completely vitiate such programmatic art; but it is psychologically unsound from the standpoint of the creative artist, who never finds it necessary to protect his art with the brittle defenses of verbalisms. And if the surrealism now current can be so nearly made intelligible and so neatly delimited as here in

Mr. Sweeney's book, is not that in itself an indication that it is already "historical" and already needs to be transcended?

It is impossible for me to read any new book on art without raising the question of its bearing upon what is being done in this country now. American painting as a whole never has succumbed to any one of the European epidemics mentioned here; but it has been beneficially inoculated with them all. The criticism which exalts these off-center manifestations as the true line of development must inevitably prove inadequate in dealing with the art of the United States. Our art is too lusty, too emotionalized, too anecdotal. These defects are, or can be transformed into, advantages; for it is in the fecund earth of such impurities that great art germinates.

VIRGIL BARKER

Fine Art

By H. S. Goodhart-Rendel. New York, The Oxford University Press, Publishers. Price, \$1.50.

Enjoying Pictures

By Clive Bell. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, Publishers. Price, \$3.00.

PERHAPS it was simply laziness, but I prefer to think it was fate, that delayed the reviewing in these pages of Mr. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel's *Fine Art* until now. But today the virtues of the book can be more clearly seen, compared with those of Mr. Clive Bell's latest volume, *Enjoying Pictures*.

The two books, humanly enough, are different in purpose and in viewpoint. The latter is concerned almost exclusively with painting and reveals its author still to be an unabashed aesthete and something of an emotional snob. The former book deals basically with all the fine arts, gives a reasonable approach to their understanding, and indicates its author to be firm but not sharp, thoughtful but without overtones of rapture.

Mr. Bell in this book gives every indication of not having lost his perceptions nor his enthusiasm. And he still has his taste. Yet the book seems endlessly chatty (with certain passages excepted); and while some of his followers may consider it just another triumph, we can fairly safely say that it is not likely to win him many converts. For all that, Mr. Bell is worldly-wise enough to see that very few people ever can escape from life into the right art quite as completely as he claims to. Few

people want to, possibly due to blind spots in their spiritual vision. Most of us are rather dull and earthy clods, or, as Mr. Goodhart-Rendel would say, "plain men."

In his chapter on the criticism of art the latter makes his attitude clear. "I am certainly sure," he writes, "that the aim of art criticism should be to make everybody a critic, a critic not only of art, but also of the criticism offered for his acceptance." And his book helps to make this possible. He makes no great claims for his purpose, but what claim he does make is potently made good in the four chapters on the materials, making, enjoyment, and criticism of art. He does not pretend to present the whole universe and he is quite well aware that there are far places where every man (plain or otherwise) must walk or soar alone.

Enjoying Pictures has its good points, too, which we should be foolish to overlook. His essay on Raphael's Vatican frescoes cannot help but add to our enjoyment and understanding of the pictures themselves, even of the half-tone reproductions in the book. Here Mr. Bell is thoroughly enjoyable; less, much less, diffuse than in the other two essays. He stays in what is for him a happy hunting ground. Some of this virtue exists also in the definite discussion of pictures in his first essay. Could it have been entirely fatigue that made his last one seem unnecessary? I felt that his passages on the useful arts probably offered even their writer little semblance of his accustomed aesthetic heaven.

Mr. Bell mentions pure thought (and love) as being nearly as delightful to him as his feeling for art. I can understand how pure thought might lead him to build an inviolable wall between art and life. Others have reared the same blinding structure. But some of us haven't and we think that life is even larger than art, and that art—if it is art—is a manifestation of life and a part of life, somewhat as a moving wave is part of an ocean. Mr. Bell seems to have rationalized our universe into a little cosmos of his own, run according to his personal tastes, with an artless hell, an artful heaven, and a very mediocre earth. Mr. Bell's aesthetic does boil down, rather too narrowly, I feel, to his own personal taste. However true it may be, we cannot find in it an ultimate for our universe quite so successfully as he seems to have found in it an axis for his. Is he unwilling or unable to face any life or reality besides that he sees in art? Apparently so, for he withdraws from life and gives his all to art.

Yet the distrust which I conjecture makes him spurn the whole of life, may lead him to distrust the part of it which he loves so sincerely. Perhaps he already dreads the coming day when even art will play him false.

For Mr. Goodhart-Rendel no such disastrous day is imminent; consequently his book makes better, if less colloquial, reading. But it is not stiff or academic. The fact that it gives permanent form to lectures given at Oxford while its author held the Slade Professorship need frighten no one who is in the least interested in broadening his art horizons and doing it with thoughtful pleasure. Mr. Goodhart-Rendel includes among the fine arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, music, literature, and drama—the arts "that exist primarily to touch men's thoughts and emotions." Fine arts, he says, are "those that must please and may serve." Whereas the useful arts must serve and may please. Compared to the more limited (but not shorter) book by Mr. Bell, *Fine Art* is very orderly and satisfying, and not without lift and imagination as well.

Yet for all the differences in broad conception between the two books they both share some common truths. Mr. Bell's echoing battle cry, significant form, has done recent attitudes toward art more than a little good and his present emphasis on enjoyment in art (aesthetic thrill and aesthetic mood) often becomes of positive value. Mr. Goodhart-Rendel writes: "The student and amateur alike must be taught to realize that a work of art must be significant, organized and frugal to be worthy of any serious consideration. That it must be comprehensible they should not need any teaching." And elsewhere: "The secret of enjoying works of art is to perceive, all irrelevant impressions having been detected and discarded, each work for what it is, and to perceive it as a whole." Thus both men overlap in some important particulars—a fact which does not prevent me from preferring the book that treats the wider field more concisely.

F. A. W., JR.

Luristan Bronzes in the University Museum

By Leon Legrain. Philadelphia, The University Museum, The University of Pennsylvania, Publishers. Price, \$2.00.

THE sixty-odd bronzes which are catalogued in this publication are a representative collection acquired by the University Museum through Mr. Arthur Upham Pope from the several thousand Luristan bronzes which have

(Continued on page 620)

COMMENT AND CRITICISM

Mr. Benson Again

Sir:

Your October issue carried a letter by Marie A. Todd protesting against my review of Thomas Craven's recent book. Her complaint is based, not on any flaw in my argument, but on the following grounds: (1) that I write "with intolerance, possibly that of youth"; (2) that having looked me up and found that I have been writing "about one article a month for periodicals for about a year" she would like to know who this impudent fledgling is and "by what authority he writes so dogmatically."

If by intolerance, Miss Todd means I am contemptuous of nationalistic axe-grinding disguised as art criticism, that I cannot swallow bigotry no matter how cleverly it is sugar-coated, then I am delighted to be thought intolerant. Had Miss Todd read Craven's book as thoroughly as she read Professor Mather's review of the book, she would have discovered what the word intolerance really means. I don't suppose Miss Todd would call Craven's high-handed treatment of the Paris school of painters intolerance! Or does she agree with Craven that Cézanne was a flop? Picasso, an inspired quack? Rouault one of the big bad Fauve boys? Matisse, a vender of decorative gim-cracks?—and Paris, a den of iniquity where pie-eyed painters ravish young girls? If refusing to subscribe to such shoddy thinking and pulp-paper melodrama is intolerance, what, in the name of common sense, would Miss Todd call many of the purple passages in Craven's book?

A word about my "youth," to which Miss Todd alludes as if it were some nasty pox afflicting my reason and automatically invalidating my judgments. Apparently it is Miss Todd's belief that the way to assess a critic's work is not by letting the work speak for itself, but by first establishing his age. Isn't she making a virtue of senility? It seems reasonable to suppose that a writer in his thirties may be in full possession of his faculties. And if he isn't, I don't see what age has to do with it.

Since Miss Todd took the trouble to look me up, she might have done a thorough job and gotten her facts straight. For her benefit may I add that I have been contributing to periodicals and newspapers since 1928. My work has appeared in the *Outlook*, the *New York Post*, the *New York Evening Sun*, the

Saturday Review, the *Nation*, the *New Republic*, the *Herald Tribune*, the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*, *Creative Art*, *Parnassus*, and *The American Magazine of Art*, etc. I also organized what was regarded as a very successful weekly radio broadcast—*Art Today*—over WOR. Should Miss Todd desire additional information I shall be glad to supply it.

The above list was made solely to inform Miss Todd who believes, apparently, that a writer's judgments are good or bad, not on their own merit, but in proportion to the batch of bearded titles their author can add to his name.

E. M. BENSON

New York City

P. S.—If, after reading this letter, Miss Todd still thinks that my review is "intolerant," I suggest that she consult the following reviews of Craven's book: C. J. Bulliet in the *Chicago Daily News*, Suzanne La Follette in the *New Republic*, Florence Davies in the *Detroit News*—which were quoted, I understand, along with the one I wrote for the radio, in the September *Art Digest*. Miss Todd might also refer to Lewis Mumford's review in the *New Yorker*.

E. M. B.

(Mr. Benson's rebuttal above serves to close the discussion of Mr. Craven's *Modern Art* in this section of the magazine. Readers may be interested to know that the consensus of opinion received was strongly pro-Benson and anti-Craven.—EDITOR.)

Erroneous Statement—

Sir:

I was greatly surprised to read in the October issue of *THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART* under "Speaking About Art" the following statement concerning the activities of the Art League:

"Miss Lewis' exhibitions for the season will include the work of such graphic artists as Wanda Gag, Peggy Bacon, George Grosz, and others, who, curiously enough, have never been shown in Washington."

I am sorry that such an erroneous statement should be published in the pages of your magazine when our gallery has carried since last April the finest works of these artists, as well as those of innumerable other modern print makers. . . .

(Continued on page 622)

MORE IMPORTANT THAN ANY MATERIAL THING



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Quoted paragraphs are from an address by Walter S. Gifford, president of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, at Dallas, October 20, 1927.

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By H. S. GOODHART-RENDEL

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New Books on Art

(Continued from page 617)

been discovered in that province of western Persia from 1927 to 1930.

Legrain tentatively dates the bronzes as products of the nomadic Lurs from 700 to 400 B.C. He disclaims the priority or influence of the Scythian art with which, however, these recently found works have many stylistic points in common. Typical products of a nomadic people, the collection consists of horse-bits, chariot decorations, daggers, axes, and articles of personal adornment. They are executed with a vigorous sense of decoration which is, however, more linear and less sculptural in quality than that seen in the best of the Scythian bronze work.

It is hoped that in the near future it will be possible to attribute these interesting examples to a more definite place in the arts of the Near East.

INSLEE A. HOPPER

Who's Who in Art

Edited by Bernard Dolman. Third Edition. 1934.
London, The Art Trade Press, Ltd., Publishers.

THIS English contribution to the large and growing literature of who's who in every branch of activity seems to be a well-done job. In spite of the addition of 600 new names and biographies the current volume is smaller than its predecessor by 80 pages, a fact which is due, so the editor informs us in his preface, to a more carefully selective policy. The mechanics of presentation have been well worked out: the biographical notes are compact with facts but are, nevertheless, surprisingly readable. The system of abbreviations, listed and explained in the last five pages of the book, is simple, easily referred to, and easily understood; and the practice of introducing each new subject in a biography by italicizing its title word or phrase facilitates quick reference. Cross-references abound.

Appended to the main section of the book is a list of those prominent in British art who have died since the second edition of "Who's Who in Art" was published in 1929; "Who's Who Among the Art Critics"; and, most valuable of all, 14 pages of facsimiles of artists' monograms and signatures, designed to aid in establishing the authenticity of questioned works of art.

"Where's Where in the British Isles," a list of art associations, clubs, galleries and institutes, which formed Appendix II of the second edition, an obviously useful item, is miss-

ing from the new book; but otherwise we find that it answers all the questions we are able to think up, which leads us to the conclusion that it is indeed a remarkable reference book.

K. L. H.

Briefer Mention

The Acanthus Motive in Decoration (25 cents), most recent of the Metropolitan Museum's Picture Books, is unusual in that it is not confined to one period or one art form.

* * *

Tockwotton Eclectics, a novel by Hugh Carmichael (Providence, The Oxford Press. \$2.50), devotes several pages to a discussion of art which seems to be quite decided in its apathy to modern art.

* * *

Elise is another one of the handsome and artful books designed and written (with additional words by Louis Danz) by Merle Armitage. It is illustrated by autochrome reproductions of Elise's drawings, lithographs, and paintings, and contains as well a hand-colored portrait of Elise by Beatrice Wood.

* * *

Parnassus makes its first appearance of the season with a new cover. A new quarterly, *The American-German Review*, published by the Carl Schurz Memorial Foundation, appears this season. On its editorial board is Helen Appleton Read of the Brooklyn Eagle, who contributes an article on "Twentieth-Century German Sculpture" to the first number. An interesting Czechoslovakian publication, *Typografia*, is now being received regularly. Of chief interest to a halting linguist are its reproductions of prints by many central European artists.

Books Received

The Acanthus Motive in Decoration, by Margaret Scherer. Illustrated. 1934. New York, The Metropolitan Museum of Art, Publishers. Price, 25 cents.

China (Volume III, the Civilizations of the East), by René Grousset. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$5.00.

Colour in Everyday Rooms, by Basil Ionides. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers. Price, \$3.75.

The Cross, Its History and Symbolism, by George Willard Benson. 1934. Buffalo, Privately Printed. Price, \$3.50.

Elise, by Merle Armitage. Illustrated. 1934. New York, E. Weyhe, Publishers.

Enjoy Your Museum Series. Carl Thurston, Editor. 1934. Pasadena, The Esto Publishing Co., Publishers. Price, each, 10 cents.

(Continued on page 622)

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George Picken, teacher of Lithography at the Art Students League, writes the first. Appropriately enough, on LITHOGRAPHY.

The important mosaics of the Byzantine capital are discussed by *Stanley Casson*, of Oxford University, in THE MOSAICS OF ST. SOPHIA—an article that makes necessary a revision of our general attitude toward mosaics.

HENRY MATTSON is third in the series on living American artists. *Ernest Brace* again reveals his sensitive insight and understanding of artists and their work.

Pertinent conclusions about the CARNEGIE INTERNATIONAL are drawn by *Henry McBride*, one of America's foremost art critics.

Comparing the sketch with the complete painting made from it, in a number of interesting cases, *E. M. Benson* finds compelling new answers to old questions. Aptly titled DRAWINGS FOR PAINTINGS.

And then, TRADITION, by *Walter Pach*. Two concepts of tradition hold forth. One, that tradition is all made and everything is immutably settled. Two, that tradition grows and changes like life itself. We believe Mr. Pach will win you to the latter.

All regular features, too, in this DECEMBER issue—a thoroughly delightful experience.

Books Received

(Continued from page 621)

Last volumes issued are:

American Furniture of the 18th Century, by Walter A. Dyer (Vol. VIa).

Casts of Great Sculpture, by Lorado Taft (Vol. Vb), and *Greek Vases*, by Victor Merlo (Vol. IIId).

Industrial Design and the Future, by Geoffrey Holme. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Studio Publications, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$7.50.

Japan (Volume IV, the Civilizations of the East), by René Grousset. Translated from the French by Catherine Alison Phillips. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$5.00.

Making Pottery (No. 7 of the How to Do It Series), by Walter de Sager. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Studio Publications, Inc., Publishers. Price, \$3.50.

Masters of English Painting, by R. H. Wilenski. Illustrated. 1934. Boston, Hale, Cushman & Flint, Publishers. Price, \$7.50.

The Materials of the Artist and Their Use in Painting, by Max Doerner. Translated by Eugen Neuhaus. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, Publishers. Price, \$3.75.

Metropolitan Museum Studies (Volume V, Part I), containing the following articles: "Psychology and Aesthetics of Forgery in Art," by Hans Tietze; "The Archaic 'Apollo' in the Metropolitan Museum," by Gisela M. A. Richter; "The Genesis of Strawberry Hill," by W. S. Lewis; "The Trolos Cup," by J. D. Beazley; "A Woodblock by Brueghel," by William M. Ivins, Jr.; and "The Nekyia Krater in New York," by Paul Jacobstahl. Illustrated. 1934. Published semi-annually by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Price, \$4.00 per part; \$7.00 per volume.

Picture Making by Children, by R. R. Tomlinson. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Studio Publications, Inc., Publishers. Price, cloth, \$4.50; paper, \$3.50.

Rameses to Rockefeller, by Charles Harris Whitaker. Illustrated. 1934. New York, Random House, Publishers. Price, \$3.50.

Comment and Criticism

(Continued from page 618)

I feel that the above erroneous statement would infer—even to those who have visited our exhibitions—that Studio House is completely unimportant, since its existence can be thus ignored by THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE OF ART, which is certainly the outstanding art publication today. . . . ADELE K. SMITH

Studio House,
Washington, D. C.

(For the unfortunate error, no intentional slur on the splendid work of Studio House, we apologize. We hope other readers finding fault or virtue in this magazine will make use of the columns of COMMENT and CRITICISM. Everything will be considered; everything will be used that we believe will interest or inform other readers.—EDITOR.)

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Coming Events Exhibitions

Carnegie Institute, 1934 International Exhibition of Paintings, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, October 18 to December 9.

Corcoran Gallery of Art, 14th Biennial Exhibition, The Corcoran Gallery of Art, New York Avenue and 17th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., March 24, 1935 to May 5, 1935. Circulars, entry cards, and detailed information will be available about January 10.

Montclair Art Museum, 4th New Jersey State Annual Exhibition, Montclair, New Jersey, November 11 to December 23.

Philadelphia Society of Etchers, 8th Annual Exhibition, the Newman Gallery, Philadelphia, December 1 to 25. Prints should be sent by November 10 to Hortense Ferne, Secretary and Treasurer, Fuller Building, 10 South 18th Street, Philadelphia. Miss Ferne should also be written for fuller information.

Pennsylvania Society of Miniature Painters, 33rd Annual Exhibition, Galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry Streets, Philadelphia, November 4 to December 9.

Society of American Etchers, 19th Annual Exhibition, National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park, New York City, November 28 to December 26. Work received through November 3 at above address. For full information write Miss Margaret B. Hays, Round Hill Road, Fairfield, Connecticut.

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The American Federation of Arts

Barr Building, Washington, D. C.

November Schedule, Traveling Exhibitions of The American Federation of Arts

- Amherst, Mass. (Mass. State College). *Reproductions—Italian Painting—XV and XVI Centuries*, November 1-15.
- Boston, Mass. (Mass. Institute of Technology). *African Bushmen Paintings*, November 4-20.
- Canton, Ohio (McKinley Art League, High School). *1934 International Scholastic Exhibition of High School Art—Group A*, November 5-20.
- Cedar Falls, Iowa (State Teachers' College). *Plant Forms in Ornament*, November 3-18.
- Elmira, N. Y. (Arnot Art Gallery). *Group of thirty-five Oils and nineteen Water Colors done for The Public Works of Art Project*, November 4-25.
- Frederick, Md. (Hood College). *Pueblo Indian Painting*, November 14-21.
- Fredonia, N. Y. (State Normal School). *Reproductions—The History of Painting*, November 1-8.
- Galesburg, Ill. (Civic Art League). *Reproductions—Survey of Painting*, November 4-25.
- Greene, N. Y. (Junior-Senior High School). *1934 International Scholastic Exhibition of High School Art—Group C*, November 20-December 7.
- Lawrence, Kans. (Thayer Museum, University of Kansas). *Pueblo Indian Painting*, November 1-8.
- Lawrence, Kans. (Thayer Museum, University of Kansas). *Illuminated Manuscripts*, November 15-December 7.
- Lock Haven, Pa. (Art Club, State Teachers' College). *Reproductions—Old and Modern Masters*, November 5-10.
- Louisville, Ky. (Art Association). *Reproductions—Pictures for the Home and School*, November 10-24.
- Minneapolis, Minn. (Miller Vocational High School). *1934 International Scholastic Exhibition of High School Art, Group B*, October 29-November 7.
- Newburgh, N. Y. (Newburgh Free Academy). *1934 International Scholastic Exhibition of High School Art, Group C*, November 1-15.
- Plattsburg, N. Y. (Art Guild). *Group of fifteen Color Prints—Modern Painting*, November 15-30.
- Scranton, Pa. (Everhart Museum). *Iowa Speaks—Oils, Water Colors and Drawings*, November 4-25.

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To show you actually what can be done with a small amount of money under this plan, we have prepared a specimen program. This program is developed around the general theme “painting.” There is an almost endless variation, made by combining material covering every phase of art.

★ ★ ★

Here Is a Program

EXHIBITIONS	Regular Cost	LECTURES	Regular Cost
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2. Old and Modern Masters	\$1.00	5. The Artist Sees Differently, by Duncan Phillips	\$5.00
<i>Twenty-two color reproductions, mounted uniformly 17¼ x 13½ inches.</i>		<i>Illustrated by 37 slides.</i>	
3. Italian Paintings of the XV and XVI Centuries	\$7.50	6. American Painting, by Leila Mechlin.	\$5.00
<i>Twenty large reproductions, uni- formly mounted in two sizes, 22¼ x 28¼ and 30¼ x 40 inches.</i>		<i>Illustrated by 74 slides.</i>	
		7. The Tournament of a Duke of Bur- gundy, by Anna Curtis Chandler.	\$5.00
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But here is the surprise! You can schedule a program, just as large as this, for only \$25, with a generous allowance for transportation. And, if you exclude unit 3 and two of the lectures, the cost is only \$15!

How can this be done? Read the opposite page.

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Units "1" and "2" on the preceding page are examples.

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6. INFORMATIONAL AND ADVISORY SERVICE

Free of charge, information on particular problems.

7. PLANNING AIDS

Discussed on the preceding page.

Can this new service be of assistance to you? All you have to do is to indicate your special interest, and tell us the amount of money you plan to spend. We will gladly project a program for you, with absolutely no obligation on your part. And, of course, you are free to make changes, if you are not perfectly satisfied in every way.

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